

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1662.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE NEXT MEETING will be held at ABERDEEN, commencing on WEDNESDAY, September 14, 1859, under the Presidency of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF CONSBORT.

The Reception Room will be the Mechanics' Hall, Market-street.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to Prof. Nicol, Prof. Fuller, and John F. White, Esq., Local Secretaries, Aberdeen.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

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GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, and of SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

Director.

Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON,

During the Session 1859-60, which will commence on the 3rd October, the following COURSES OF LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D. F.R.S. &c.
2. Metallurgy. By John Percy, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By W. H. Miller, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining. By W. A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Geology. By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics. By John Tyndall, M.A. F.R.S.
9. Instruction in Mechanical Drawing. By Mr. Binn.

The Fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the laboratories) is 30s. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 15s.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, at a Fee of 10s. for the Term of Three Months. The same Fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy. Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at 1s. 6d. and 2s. each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Customs, acting as Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced charges.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced Fees. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and Information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, London.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

THE CENTRAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF ART AND SOUTH KENSINGTON FOR MALE AND FEMALE STUDENTS, and METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART at 57, Gower-street, for Female Classes only, and at Spitalfields, Crispin- street; Finsbury, William-street, Wilmington-square; St. Thomas Charterhouse, Gower-street; Rotherhithe, Grammar School, Deptford-road; St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Castle-street, Lon- don; Lambeth, St. Mary's, Princes-road; Hampstead, Dispensary- building; Christchurch, St. George's-in-the-East, Cannon-street, will reopen on the 3rd October.

Application for admission, prospectuses, or any other information, to be made at the Schools in each district, and at South Kensington.

By authority of the Committee of Council on Education.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.

—Further HELP is sought to MAINTAIN this Hospital, which is NOW in great difficulty. Bankers: Messrs. Williams, Deacon & Co., 50, Brixton-lane.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec. HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.—SESSION 1859-60.—RESIDENT HOSPITAL ASSISTANTS.

For the promotion of Clinical Instruction in the Hospital, the Governors have instituted Three Hospital Assistantships, to be awarded on competition to students who have completed their education in the School. The Hospital Assistants will reside and board in the Hospital for one year free of expense.

Two House-Surgeons are annually elected by competition from among the Students who have completed their curriculum; they reside and board in the Hospital free of expense. Fee, Twenty Guineas.

Prizes and Certificates are also awarded. General Fee for all the Lectures, including Practical Chemistry, and for the Hospital Practice required by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company, 5s. This Fee may be paid by instalments.

Further particulars, Prospectuses, &c., may be obtained on application to the Dean of the College; to Mr. De Morgan, Honorary Secretary; or to Dr. Corrie, the Resident Apothecary.

T. W. NUNN, Dean.

NOTICE.—THE SHEEPHANKS EXHIBITION OF FIFTY POUNDS per Annum, tenable for three years, will be assigned early in the ensuing Michaelmas Term.

This Exhibition will be assigned upon an Examination, open to all Undergraduates of the University, in the subject of Theoretical and Practical Astronomy. The Examinations will be held on or soon after October 16.

Persons desirous of competing for this Exhibition must send their Names to the Master of Trinity College, at his Lodge, on or before September 30.

The person obtaining the Exhibition must remove to Trinity College, if not already at that College.

Trinity College, W. WHEWELL.
March 20, 1859.

SELECT EXCURSION TO THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, and the CRIMEA, calling at Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, and other principal Ports in the Mediterranean.—In com- pliance with numerous requests, and on condition of a sufficient number of Subscribers coming forward, it is proposed to put on a splendid Screw Steamer, to be afterwards used as the British Fishing College for Naval Instruction and Marine Engineering.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1859-60.

THE SESSION will OPEN on MONDAY the 3rd of October, on which day MEETINGS of the Professors, Students of the Faculty and their friends, will be held at 3 and 5 p.m.

The Courses of Lectures, &c., will commence on TUESDAY, October 4.

Classes, in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day:

WINTER TERM.

Anatomy—Professor Ellis.
Anatomy and Physiology—Professor Sharpey, M.D. F.R.S.
Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Comparative Anatomy—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.
Surgery—Professor Erichsen.
Practical Physiology and Histology—Professor Harley.
Medicine—Professor Waiche, M.D.
Dental Surgery—Mr. G. A. Ibbeson.
Practical Anatomy—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Professor Ellis, and Mr. William F. Trevelan, Demonstrator.

SUMMER TERM.

Material Medics—Professor Garrod, M.D. F.R.S.
Pathological Anatomy—Professor Jenner, M.D.
Medical Jurisprudence—Professor Harley, M.D.
Practical Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Midwifery—Professor Murphy, M.D.
Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery—Professor T. Wharton Jones, F.R.S.
Botany—Professor Lindley, Ph.D. F.R.S.
Practical Instruction in Operative Surgery—John Marshall, F.R.S.
Analytical Chemistry—Professor Williamson throughout the Session.
Logic, French and German Languages, Natural Philosophy, Geology and Mineralogy, according to announcement for the Faculty of Arts.

CLINICAL INSTRUCTION.

Hospital Practice daily throughout the year.
Physician—Dr. Walshe, Dr. Parkes, Dr. Garrod, Dr. Jenner.
Obstetric Physician—Dr. Murphy.

Assistant-Physician—Dr. Hare.
Surgeons—Mr. Quain, Mr. Erichsen.

Consulting Surgeon—Mr. Ingham—Mr. Quain, F.R.S.
Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. Wharton Jones.

Assistant-Surgeons—Mr. Marshall, F.R.S., Mr. Henry Thompson.
Dental Surgeons—Mr. G. A. Ibbeson.

Medical Clinical Lectures by Dr. Walshe, Dr. Garrod, and Dr. Murphy, also by Dr. Parkes, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the Pupils in the practical study of disease, and who gives a series of lessons and examinations on the physical phenomena and diagnosis of disease to classes consisting of a limited number, and meeting at separate hours.

Surgical Clinical Lectures, especially by Mr. Quain, and by Mr. Erichsen.

Lectures on Ophthalmic Cases by Mr. Wharton Jones.
Practical Instructions in the Application of Bandages and other Surgical Apparatus, by Mr. Marshall.

Practical Pharmacy—Pupils are instructed in the Hospital Dispensary.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the office of the College.
Prizes—Gold and Silver Medals for excellence in the examinations at the close of the courses in most of the classes.

Liston Gold Medal for Clinical Surgery.
Dr. Fellows' Medals for Clinical Medicine, two gold and two silver.

Fuller Exhibition for proficiency in Pathological Anatomy, 30s.
Longridge Exhibition for general proficiency in Medicine and Surgery, 40s.

An Atkinson Morley Surgical Scholarship for the Promotion of the Study of Surgery, &c.; tenable for three years.

EXAMINATIONS or SYNDICATE.—Several of the Professors receive Students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties, unconnected with the College, who receive boarders into their houses. And there are several Medical Gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

A. W. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August, 1859.
THE LECTURES TO THE CLASSES OF THE FACULTY OF ARTS will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 12th of October.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 20th of September.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Under the Government of the Council of the College.
Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.

THE SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, September 20, for new PUPILS. All the boys must appear in their places without fail on WEDNESDAY the 21st, at a quarter-past 9 o'clock.

The Session is divided into three terms, viz. from the 20th of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 1st of August.

The yearly payment for each Pupil is 12s., of which 6s. is paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter-past 9 to three-quarters past 3 o'clock. The afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to Drawing.

The Subjects taught are—Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages, Ancient and English History, Geography, Physical and Political, Arithmetic and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, Social Science, Gymnastics, Fencing and Drawing.

Any Pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education.

There is a general examination of the Pupils at the end of the Session, and the prizes are then given at a quarter-past 9 o'clock.

At the end of each of the first two terms, there are short examinations, which are taken into account in the general examination. No absence by a boy from any one of the examinations of the Session, or a non-report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment. A monthly report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

Further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on MONDAY the 3rd of October, those of the Faculty of Arts on Wednesday, the 12th of October.

August, 1859.

MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE,

In connexion with the University of London, and University College, London.

UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE, LONDON.

PROFESSORS.

Rev. JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A., Principal, and Professor of Hebrew and Historical Theology, with the Truths and Evidences of Christianity.

Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, Professor of Mental, Moral and Religious Philosophy.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, Esq. M.A., Lecturer on the Hebrew Language and Literature.

SCHEME OF STUDIES.

The entire course of a Student embraces six years, viz., three Undergraduate, succeeded by three Theological years.

The proficiency of every Student in the subjects on which he has attended classes, either in University College, or in Manchester New College, is periodically tested by examinations, held by the Professors, or other Examiners, appointed by the Committee of the last-named College, at the end of every term, and a public examination at the close of the Session.

Undergraduate Period.

During this period the Student is chiefly engaged in the classes of University College, in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, or Natural Philosophy. If he be on the Foundation, Manchester New College defrays the fees for these three courses; but does not encourage him to disperse his attention over more. Should he attend as a graduate, he is expected to matriculate in the University of London, not later than the end of his first year; and to take the degree of B.A. by the end of the third, so as to bring an undivided interest to the studies of his Theological Period.

The discipline of this preparatory period is mainly subsidiary to the classes of University College, and to the examinations, in prospect, for Matriculation and Graduation.

Theological Period.

The College, now mainly a Theological Institution, adheres to its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular theological doctrines.

Should any Student wish, during his Theological years, to attend any of the general classes of University College, he may do so with the sanction of the Principal, but at his own cost.

CHRISTIAN TRUTHS AND EVIDENCES.
(a) Christian Institutions.—Practical and Pastoral Theology.
(b) Ecclesiastical History.—To Gregory VII.

(c) Old Testament.—Hebrew History and Antiquities. History of Hebrew Canon, and of the Septuagint Version. Historical Books. "The Law." "The Prophets." Critical Examination of Messianic Passages: Systematic Reading of the Septuagint.

(d) Hebrew Language and Literature.—Systematic, philological and literary training, reading and lectures.

(e) New Testament.—Introduction to Criticism and Interpretation. Three First Gospels.—The Epistles and Acts of the Apostles—and the writings of John Gospel, Epistles, Apocalypse—with special introduction to each of these three Sections.

(f) Weekly Exercises in Elocution and Composition.

PHILOSOPHICAL COURSE.
(a) Intellectual Philosophy.

(b) Moral Philosophy.
(c) Religious Philosophy.
(d) History of Christian Doctrine.

Regular Greek and Latin Reading.

The College Session commences on the first Friday in October. The Classes are open to the public on payment of the regular fees. Candidates for admission on the Foundation are requested to send in applications and certificates, with as little delay as possible, to either of the Secretaries, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

R. D. DARBISHIRE, 21, Brown-street, Manchester.
CHARLES BEARD, Gee Cross, near Manchester.

Manchester, September, 1859.

MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE,

In connexion with the University of London, and University College, London.

UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE AINSWORTH SCHOLARSHIP.

THE COMMITTEE of MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE offer to those of its Students who shall obtain a Gold Medal in the M.A. Examination at London University, a SCHOLARSHIP of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. Competitors for this Scholarship must graduate as Students of Manchester New College either on taking their Bachelor's or Master's Degree. If the former, they must have previously spent not less than two years at Manchester New College; if the latter, not less than one year.

The Ainsworth Scholarship is open to any Lay Student of University College, London, who has previously obtained a Gold Medal in the M.A. Examination at London University, and who has not previously obtained a Scholarship of Manchester New College, gone through his Undergraduate course under the direction of the Principal of that College, and attended the classes for religious and ethical instruction which provides for its Lay Students. Subject to these limitations, the Scholarship is open to every Gold Medalist at the Examination for the Master's Degree in any one of the branches of Classics, Science, or Philosophy.

Payment will be made to successful competitors in two yearly payments of Fifty Pounds. The Scholarship will be continued until notice to the contrary is given. Two years' notice will be given previous to its withdrawal.

Further particulars respecting the Scholarship and the terms of study at Manchester New College, may be obtained on application to R. D. Darbishire, Esq. B.A., one of the Secretaries of the College, Brown-street, Manchester; or to the Rev. J. J. Tayler, B.A., Principal of the College, at University Hall, Gordon-square, London.

September, 1859.

UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THIS INSTITUTION will RE-OPEN in OCTOBER NEXT, under the superintendence of the Principal, THOMAS HEWITT KEY, Esq. M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, by the selection of Students at University College, during the Academic Session.

Information respecting the arrangements of the Hall, and the Residence of the Students, may be obtained on application, either by letter addressed to the Principal.

August, 1859.

NEWSPAPER

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LITERATURE

Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Jeremiah Horrocks. By the Rev. Arundell Blount Whetton. (Wertheim & Co.)

We are well inclined to lend our aid in introducing to the unscientific reader a name with which he is not familiar, the bearer of which stands in the foremost rank of astronomical discoverers, though not more than twenty-five years old when he died. Had his life been spared until the quantity of his achievements had become commensurate with their quality, he would have been as well known to our generation as Newton, or Boyle, or Halley. We do not mean to go very fully into his merits; but we take occasion from the appearance of the above work to put together some gossip of the day in which he lived, which may serve as supplementary to the biography contained in it.

We mean to call him *Horrocks*. Mr. Whetton takes the spelling from the register at Emmanuel College, and from the practice of his friend Crabtree and his editor Wallis. The spelling of names was somewhat arbitrary in the seventeenth century. The Scottish Reformer was often spelt *Knocks*; and Butler may have meant a pun when he talked of those who

Proved their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and *knocks*.

Flamsteed spelt the name of his friend Towneley in every way in which the letters would sound the word; and Rigaud adopted *Townley* on the authority of the *Philosophical Transactions*. But no books are more common at second-hand than those which belonged to Richard Towneley, with the book-plate in them bearing the name thus spelt. The name of *Horrocks* still exists in Lancashire; and is borne by a long-lived race; one of the family, the son of one of Cromwell's drummers, is asserted to have been alive in 1843. The late member for Preston, John Horrocks, is another instance. The Index to *Notes and Queries* will lead to more information. And it was thus that *Horrocks* spelt his own name. In the work which once belonged to him, which was picked up by Professor De Morgan, and deposited in Trinity College Library, it was so spelt. Until somebody shall be proved to know better than Horrocks himself how to spell his name, we intend to follow him, and we have no doubt the world at large will do the same.

The little changes which take place in names may veil curious facts. *Haak* in Dutch must become *Hook* in English; was Theodore Haak an ancestor or relative of Theodore Hook? Christian names run in families; and the one before us is by no means a common one. Theodore Haak was very well known in his day. He was one of the earliest Secretaries of the Royal Society, and has even been said to have been the first who broke ground for the formation of that body.

We now come back to Towneley. Christopher Towneley of Carr, as some say, of Towneley, as others say, was a man of property in Lancashire at the beginning of the seventeenth century; Richard, just spoken of, was one of his line, no doubt his son. Jeremiah Horrocks was born at Toxteth, now a suburb of Liverpool, in 1619. Christopher Towneley, an active patron of science, and, we must suppose, the first former of the library which descended to Richard, was the friend of "the ingenious Edward Sherburne, Esq., clerk of his Majesty's Chancery, as Collins calls him,

Having introduced him, we must go on with him; gossip has its laws as well as other things. This old Royalist, who seems to have been very well off, for we find him offering 20*l.* for three folios which he wanted—an enormous price in those days—published, in 1675, a poetical translation of the first book of Manilius, intended to draw the attention of the young nobility and gentry to the doctrine of the Sphere. A nice notion this book is of a manual, for the letters of the poetry are twelve to the inch, and the page of the bound book is of sixteen inches by ten and a half; the whole with a splendid frontispiece by Hollar. But though Sherburne probably did little with the young gentry, he left a book which is of first-rate value for its biographical notices. He informs us that Christopher Towneley was the means of introducing to one another four "lights of the first magnitude in the Northern Hemisphere," that is to say: First, William Milbourn, a clergyman near Durham, who made original advances in algebra and astronomy; his papers were destroyed by the Scots in 1639. Secondly, Jeremiah Horrocks, the subject of our article. Thirdly, William Crabtree, a clothier at Manchester, some of whose observations are published with those of Horrocks; and who was his colleague and co-spectator in the matter of the transit of Venus. Fourthly, William Gascoigne, the now celebrated inventor of the micrometer, who was killed at Marston Moor. With these, as north-country mathematicians of nearly the same standing as to age, Sherburne mentions Jonas Moore, the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, well known as the constructor of the Royal Mathematical School in Christ's Hospital; George Wharton, equally well known in those days as the royalist Astrologer; Jeremiah Shackerly, known by publication of an astronomical work, mainly derived from Horrocks; and Nathan Pighells, a successful observer, of whom we now know nothing. All these were collected in answer to Dr. Wallis, who had asserted that the north of England was deficient in scientific learning. Wallis was probably biased by the character of the two Universities,—Cambridge, then as now the especial resort of north-country students, was not a school of exact science; nearly all the mathematical and astronomical learning came from Oxford. We must conjecture that, as in more recent times, there was a large quantity of mathematical learning in the north of England which was not connected with any University.

We cannot finish the story of the Towneleys and their library without a reference to Davis and Dickson, patten-makers, of St. Martin's-le-Grand. They were also second-hand book-sellers, and their stock was chiefly mathematical and astrological. It was very extensive, and the prices were very high; sale seemed to be a secondary consideration: and of the book trade they appeared to know nothing. They used to offer their copies of Taylor's *Logarithms* for twice the price at which they were sold by John Murray, for the Admiralty, as new books; and no representation of the absurdity produced the slightest effect upon the inflexible patten-makers. The secret seems to have been that Mr. Davis was himself a mathematician and a writer, and a bibliophyte by nature. The publishing catalogue of the firm—for they were publishers—contains several books of his as well as of others. When Mr. Davis died or retired, Mr. Dickson, who probably confined himself to pattens, sold all the books by auction, in 1834. There were three sales, in more than six thousand lots, yielding at least twice that number of books. Among them were

many of great rarity; and, in particular, so large a number of books bearing the plate of Richard Towneley, that it is clear the patten-makers must have purchased that library. Several works which had belonged to Horrocks were found; including the one above alluded to. Should any one possess an astronomical work, containing handwriting, and having, with a proper date, the Towneley book-plate, the chances are considerable that it belonged to Horrocks. The coat-of-arms must be described to the uninitiated in heraldry as three black stars over a black bar, with a falcon for a crest. The matter will be made almost certain if the book be one of those which are in the printed list of Horrocks's little library. That list was written in the book referred to before, and is printed in the *Companion to the Almanac* for 1837, and, again, in the work at the head of this article.

The late W. R. Whetton, the father of the author now before us, while engaged on the biographical department of the History of Lancashire, felt the want of a life of Horrocks, and determined to supply it. He died in 1835, and his son, with the assistance of his father's papers, has carried out the design, adding a translation of one of Horrocks's chief works, the '*Venus in Sole visa*.' This work was not included in Dr. Wallis's edition of Horrocks, partly because it had been published abroad by Hevelius. How much a life was needed may appear from this, that in the '*Biographia Britannica*,' a reference in "Wallis" directs us to look for "Horrox" in the Supplement. No such thing is there: the reason no doubt being, that the editor of that work, who surely did not lack contributors who were apt at finding materials, could not succeed in procuring a biography of Horrocks.

Mr. A. E. Whetton has done his work with much ability. He is not generally versed in the minutiae of the history of science, but he has stuck to his points, and, in what relates to his subject, he has made himself fully competent, and performed his task with fidelity, without exaggeration, and in an interesting manner. A person who should open the book at the passage in which Mr. Whetton speaks of decimals:—"This method was invented by one Simon Stevin, a native of Bruges, in 1602, and it prepared the way for the discovery of logarithms by Sir John Napier within twelve years afterwards,"—might, if well informed, take a strong prejudice against the book. For it was not one Stevin, but the celebrated Stevin, or Stevinus, who published his decimal fractions in 1585, not in 1602; and the laird of Merchiston, transferred into Lord Napier by most, and into Sir John Napier by Mr. Whetton, made no direct use of decimal fractions in his logarithms, and showed no great acquaintance with Stevinus. Such slips are dangerous to those who have not a character established in their subjects. When the very learned Dr. Peacock, writing on the history of arithmetic, speaks of Stevinus and Simon of Bruges as two different persons in the same paragraph, we may smile for a moment at what we know to be a mere slip: it would have been otherwise with a writer on his trial. This same Stevinus is, like Horrocks, one of the men whose reputation was not well recognized till long after his death. He has been called the Archimedes of Belgium; we rather prefer to call him the Galileo. When, some years ago, the Belgian Pantheon was under consideration, and Stevinus was of course on the list, a member of the Academy of Brussels, who belonged to some past age, raised his voice either in or to the Chamber of Deputies, protesting against the nomination, on the ground that Stevinus was

nothing but an obscure writer, respectable enough in his own day. This called forth a pamphlet which is perhaps the severest castigation a member of a learned society has received in our time. We believe it was printed only for private circulation: and report gives the authorship to Mr. Van de Weyer. At the head stands the assertion of Sterne's Uncle Toby that Stevinus was a great man; and at the tail is given such a list of eulogies from all parts of Europe as must have opened the eyes of the unfortunate assailant to some knowledge of Stevinus and of himself.

To return from this digression. Mr. Whetton, though not strong about Stevinus, has made himself strong about Horrocks. Writing in performance of a filial duty, and doing what men of science should have done, and did not do, such a slip as we have noticed, merely to put it on its right footing, is no more than an advantageous foil to the manner in which the essential parts of the task have been performed.

Horrocks is said to have been born in the year 1619. We do not know on what contemporary authority this common assertion is made, and Mr. Whetton takes it for granted: our earliest books say "about 1619." If we admit it, we have him entered at Emmanuel College at the age of thirteen, and doing duty as a clergyman at Hoole when he was only twenty years old. We are aware that very young boys were sent to the Universities, and that the bishops were not so particular about age as they are now. Nevertheless, the canon which regulates the age of admission was as much the law then as now; and when we couple with other things the marvellous astronomical *erudition* displayed by Horrocks, we are strongly inclined to suppose that he must have been twenty-three years old in 1639, instead of twenty, when he began to do duty at Hoole. It makes no difference as to his fame; but we must remember that though genius may be of any age, learning must have time. The gentleman who now occupies Horrocks's pulpit, in the writing we shall presently mention, states that the birth took place in "1616 or 1619." How he got his information he does not state; perhaps, like ourselves, he has added three conjectural years to bring the young curate within the law.

It was hardly known, until very recently, that Horrocks was a clergyman, and it has been even doubted: but Mr. Whetton makes it clear beyond controversy. What Horrocks himself says almost proves it. On Sunday, the 24th of November, 1639, o.s., he was obliged to leave the telescope, when, for aught he knew, the transit of Venus over the Sun, on that day to be seen for the first time by human eyes, might be on the point of beginning, *ad majora advocatus quæ utique ob hæc peragenda negligi non decuit*. Now, though an officiating clergyman, and he, too, a young curate in a strange parish, could certainly not venture to omit a service for an astronomical observation, however new or rare, it is absurd to suppose that a mere parishioner would hold himself obliged to go to church when a celestial phenomenon of once in a century, then to be seen for the first time, and calculated and predicted by himself, was just on the point of beginning. We should call a person who held himself so obliged an undevout astronomer, and mad into the bargain; just as we should have called the Duke of Wellington an irreligious soldier if he had sent his armies to the church service on the memorable Sunday of Waterloo. And we have no doubt that Horrocks, had he been free to choose, would have praised God at the telescope, and not in the church.

Of the various labours of Horrocks, of his clear anticipations of gravitation, of his improvements of the lunar theory, and other remarkable points, we shall not speak. We leave our readers to Mr. Whetton's work, and to the admirable account given by Mr. Grant in his 'History of Physical Astronomy.' Newton himself is Horrocks's trumpeter, as the Index to the Principia will show. But here we must explain, for fear of misapprehension. A little while ago it was asserted in *Notes and Queries*, as a thing not commonly known, that the great Wren was an able mathematician; and the Index of the Principia was referred to as a brief proof. An admirer of the architect was so disturbed that he wrote a long article, proving by unanswerable quotations that Wren did not derive his reputation from the Principia, but was famous before that work appeared. No doubt of it: a mention in the Principia proves fame already acquired. In the case of Horrocks, however, this proof might easily have been wanting. It was only in 1673 that Wallis was able to publish as much as could be recovered of Horrocks's papers, and the Principia appeared in 1687.

Horrocks died January 3, 1641. He had planned, on the 16th of December, to visit his friend Crabtree on the 4th of January, "if nothing unforeseen should occur." There has been some discussion as to the time when Crabtree, the twin astronomer of the Transit of Venus, departed this life. But Sherburne, who had ample means of knowledge, says they both died in the same year. He also says that the papers published by Wallis were not the tenth part of what Horrocks left.

Horrocks tells us that he began to apply to astronomy in his boyhood—meaning, no doubt, when at Cambridge. He says he had no one to instruct him, and no one to study with him: so that he learned entirely from books. He had not even the means, by aid of any Cambridge writer, of finding what books he ought to study. So then, a boy of fourteen, destitute of all aid except from his own wonderful gifts, made up his mind, as he says, to be the rival of Tycho Brahe and Kepler. In the few years which were given to him he so far succeeded as to produce in quantity enough for the lifetime of an ordinary reputation, and this of a quality which makes it no great exaggeration to call him the forerunner of Newton, and no exaggeration at all to call him by very far the greatest English astronomer of his day, and very high among those of all time.

Thirty years ago, an amateur astronomer of Preston, Moses Holden by name, when lecturing in the south of England, was frequently questioned about Horrocks. This seems to have drawn his attention, and he ended by setting up, at his own expense, a tablet to the memory of Horrocks in St. Michael's Church, at Toxteth. Two years ago, Mr. Brickell, the rector of Hoole, called attention to the subject, and in a very accurate and well-written broadside, or whatever else a loose sheet of printed foolscap ought to be called, invited subscriptions for a monument. Our readers will remember, perhaps, that we set our faces against calling upon the whole country to do what Lancashire ought to do for itself, if it were to be done at all. We heard no more of the matter; but from Mr. Whetton's book we learn that the plan succeeded, and that the church at Hoole has been beautified and enlarged by the erection of a chapel of thirty free sittings, "dedicated to the memory of Horrocks," and containing a memorial window with an inscription.

Sparks from a Locomotive; or, Life and Liberty in Europe. By the Author of 'Belle Brittan's Letters.' (New York, Derby & Jackson; London, Low & Co.)

A young English lady in a public car—that is, a railway-carriage on a northern line—called Col. Fuller a "foreigner." The epithet, as Col. Fuller complains, is a sad one. Yet it has advantages. A foreign eye is a fresh eye. Your rough old salt is not the man to note "the green abounding beauty" of the sea, or catch the mysterious voices "moaning for the sleep that never comes." Men who live on Alpine heights are not keenly alive to that beauty of the sunrise which hurries the tourist up the Rhigi and the Alpen horn. Everything grows trite by daily use. Hence the peculiar charm we feel in going over familiar scenes with a friend to whom they are strange; the revival of novelty in our own sensations; the springing of beauty in points on which we no longer dwell; the subtleties of character, the harmonies of outline and colour, which the worn eye may have ceased to note.

To us, a foreigner has many uses. He brings us news; not merely on his tongue, but in his gait, his speech, his manners; and not only of himself, but, to a certain extent, even of *ourselves*. In his courtesy—his manliness—his integrity—we read something safe and final about the institutions under which he may have grown. In the mirror of his mind we may also behold an image of ourselves—often an extraordinary, sometimes a very ugly vision. Yet we like to see it. A plain woman loves to consult her glass. A sturdy Briton, though his opinion of himself and his country may be wisely humble, is sometimes in the mood to catch an "intelligent foreigner" by the button, and make him confess all that he may please to think about us and our ways of life.

Col. Fuller, whose "sparks" fly about like fire from a house rather than down like those from a locomotive, is an excellent witness, shrewd, good-natured, witty, full of experience, yet wholly new to our peculiar world. His run through England—and, indeed, through Europe—was at railway speed, allowing no time for the greenness to wear off. Trained to the pen, he dashed down what he saw with the hurry and the brightness of a sun-picture.

Our visitor came to England in the Asia. On the very first day of the voyage, "on the removal of the cloth, George Francis Train, Esq., one of the liveliest, wittiest, and best-tempered of men, proposed that the company present should resolve themselves into a mutual-admiration society." This led to the institution of a daily paper on board—the articles of which were published with the nuts and claret. All the talents seemed to spring up at a word of demand:—"Not only was every man of our company a singer, an orator, and a wit, but a poet and a journalist as well. Lord Bury contributed a story, entitled the 'Posthumous Papers of Dr. Blanco,' not surpassed by any similar production of Dickens. Train gave us volumes of statistics, and poetry by the yard; while a young man on board, by the name of Burns, a clerk in the New York house of Morton, Grinnell & Co., threw off gems in rhyme worthy of his great namesake." Bravo! The Asiatic Lottery—the name of this daily paper, from Asia, the vessel, *Lott*, the captain thereof—was disposed of at the end of the voyage by raffle, and, being won by a lady, was given to Lord Bury, "to whose facile and felicitous pen the 'Asiatic Lottery' is indebted for its most brilliant gems."

Col. Fuller stepped into the hospitalities of Mr. M'Henry, of Liverpool. The first Eng-

lishman met in England gives our witness a favourable impression of English enterprise and success. Mr. M'Henry "is one of the largest financial operators in Europe," but his genius is capable of small things as of great. "In the midst of his more gigantic schemes, Mr. M'Henry is projecting a mammoth hotel in Liverpool on the American plan; a Water-Cure establishment in Wales; and has, within a few days, purchased the *London Spectator* (formerly edited by the great Sam Johnson), and placed Mr. Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt, in the editorial chair."

Col. Fuller went to Great Malvern for the water, and to the Burns dinner at Dumnfries for the whiskey. The first he praises, and at the second he was praised. He made a good speech, which we have read over again in his book, as well as all the kindly things said after dinner in welcome of the American guest. A train carried him from Dumnfries to Edinburgh, the city of monuments:—

"Among them all, none has impressed me so pleasantly as the Monument to Sir Walter Scott. This exquisite inspiration of Art has afforded me a new sensation. It leaps into the air like a flame, and lifts the imagination up with it. The form is a gothic pyramid, two hundred feet high, designed by Kemp, a self-taught architect, and it covers, like a pointed cap, a colossal statue, in a sitting posture, of the King of Novelists. The likeness is admirable, and the expression indicates all the noble attributes of genius so happily blended in the character and in the creations of Scott. It is a pleasant fact to record that the last 1,500*l.* required for the completion of the Scott Monument was raised by the efforts of the greatest living poet of Scotland—Charles Mackay—who, when the work halted for the lack of the above-named sum, addressed letters to all the leading authors in Great Britain, soliciting funds for the purpose; and soon succeeded in raising the amount. The letters received by Dr. Mackay in answer to his appeal, have been carefully preserved by him in a book, which is one of the rarest volumes of autographs I have ever seen."

Col. Fuller expresses an opinion on the trial of Madeline Smith:—

"Drive on, to the College of Justice in Parliament Square, and gaze mutely and intently at the venerable old pile. And what says my red-haired guide? Nothing of Jeffrey, of Blair, of Forbes, of Dundas, or of Melville; but—'there, sir, is where Madeline Smith had her nine days' trial!' In this little modern tragedy all the ancient gloom and glory of the place is forgotten. But I confess that the mention of the fact gave a new interest to these ancient Halls. I had read every word of that famous trial; and had fully acquitted the fair and beautiful prisoner of murder; for if she did *not* kill the contemptible villain who threatened to murder her reputation, by proclaiming his own shameful triumph over her frailty, she hardly did her duty to herself or to her sex."

Americans generally have strong opinions on the question of the "subjugation of woman by man." We were not aware that any of them went so far as the dogma of "Poisoning no Murder"—when it is done to prevent scandal. At length the visitor reaches London:—

"The distances are truly magnificent; and, between such extremes as Peabody's Banking House in 'the City,' and Lord Bury's mansion in 'Belgravia,' one begins to get some idea of the immensity of the town; but it is not until after driving through a continuous, compact street, or series of streets, to the distance of sixteen miles, that we have a 'realizing sense' of the expansive limits of London."

The first thought of a Republican is to see the Queen. The wise Greeks had the same curiosity. Col. Fuller goes to the opening of Parliament—the Parliament of the present year—and here is his picture of the scene:—

"What a pageant of splendour and of grandeur was here presented! The floor of the house was

packed with the wives and daughters and sisters of the peers, in full dress, leaving only a narrow space in the centre, which was occupied by peers and bishops in their brilliant scarlet robes. The entire gallery which surrounds the House was filled with a row of elegantly-dressed ladies, only broken by a line of reporters, occupying seats directly opposite the throne. Behind the reporters, the benches, one rising above another, were filled with ladies. Presently the trumpets sound—the signal that the Queen is approaching. She leaves the Palace in her magnificent state carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, attended by her ministers and household officers, in carriages but a little less sumptuous than her own; escorted by the Life Guards, all mounted on noble black horses; the whole *cortège* forming a most magnificent spectacle. In alighting from the carriage, Her Majesty's foot presses an electric wire, which fires a cannon in the Park. The Usher of the Golden Rod gives a signal; and, suddenly, every lady in the House throws off her opera cloak, or shawl, or mantle; and a more beautiful revelation can hardly be imagined; surely not described.

Flashed all their arms in air;
Flashed all their bosoms bare,
Stunning the gazers there—
Lovely six hundred!"

Now for the Queen!—

"The Queen enters, arrayed in her most royal robes, with a glittering tiara of diamonds on her head; while the Crown of England is borne on a velvet cushion behind her. She ascends the throne, which looks like a great golden chair, elevated three or four steps; and, as soon as the two maids of honour have adjusted her long train of crimson velvet, takes her seat, looking every inch a queen. Another gentle silken sound, and everybody is seated, while the silence is profound. Ten minutes elapse in waiting for the Members of the House of Commons, who come tumbling in at the opposite end of the Hall, and as soon as silence is restored—and such silence I never before heard (for it is almost audible)—the Queen took her speech from the hand of the Lord Chamberlain, who stood by her side, and read it in a very deliberate, distinct tone of voice—and, as Shakespeare says, 'with good emphasis and discretion.' Not a word was lost; and, when she had finished, she appeared to me ten times as majestic as before she began. Her voice is very pleasant, and her intonation showed that she understood and meant what she uttered. But it sounded odd to hear that little woman talk so supremely of her power, her authority, her army, her navy, her ministers, her people, &c. &c. And yet there was a touch of the 'moral sublime' in the dramatic situation of the scene—in the palpable evidences of the surrounding 'divinity which doth hedge a queen.'"

Col. Fuller is severe on the Prince Consort, and, indeed, generally on the *men*. His delight is evidently in the "bosoms bare" of the "lovely six hundred." For instance, at Hampton Court, he turns with a shrug from grisly saints and martyrs hairy to the sweet picture of—Nell Gwynn:—

"The room in which I lingered longest and felt most reluctantly, was the one principally devoted to Sir Peter Lely's beauties of the Court of Charles. His women surpass anything I have ever seen on canvas; and his Nell Gwynn (as the Duchess of St. Albans, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the beautiful Mrs. L.—, of New York), haunts me like a dream. There is a light in her eye; a sweetness in her lip; a smile on her face; and a fountain of inspiration in her fair, full bosom, to melt the iron heart of an anchoress. I have never seen but one lovelier vision, and that, blessed be the Divine Artist, is a breathing, living, loving 'statue of flesh!'"

The harder sex is much less to his mind; and even in the historical crowd at an opening day, his fancy wanders fondly back to the lovely six hundred:—

"The great men of England, who were present on the august occasion, did not particularly impress me as men of great personal dignity and power. I saw no head as massive as Webster's, as noble as

Clay's, or as striking as Calhoun's. Among the peers, Lord Derby looked most like a leader; but among the bishops, I saw no very marked evidences of divine or human 'authority'; and, as for the Duke of Cambridge, the military head of the army, no phenologist would select him from a crowd as one 'born to command.' But the ladies of the nobility are decidedly better looking than their lords. I have never before seen so large a collection of fine, fresh, rosy-looking women. The majority have fair complexions, blue eyes, exuberant busts and luxuriant heads of hair. On coming out of the House of Lords, the crowd was very great, and progress was very slow; but it afforded a fine opportunity of a daylight look into the faces and eyes of the leading belles of England; and although there was danger of being smothered in a crowd of peeresses, yet I suppose it would have been like the 'dying of a rose in aromatic pain.'"

Of the beauty of our English roses the gallant American never wearies. Of course, he is writing for a New York audience; and fair readers on this side of the great deep may like to hear what a clever writer thinks it necessary to insist on with his countrywomen in such delicate matter of comparison. Listen:

"I find it no uncommon thing in England to meet 'unprotected females' in the cars, and the higher the social position of the ladies the greater is their simplicity of dress and affability of manner. So far as health, comfort and fitness are concerned, the American ladies have much to learn from the English, especially in their travelling costume. We see no finery or frippery here in the railway carriage; and silks and satins in the street are apt to excite rather uncomplimentary suspicions of the wearers. The 'Balmoral' is almost universally worn; and even fiery red stockings are by no means uncommon. Long dresses are never seen out of drawing-rooms, and there they are worn both long and low. The English women have magnificently exuberant busts; and they 'don't care who knows it.' Full dress, for dinner or for the theatre, consists in 'low neck and short sleeves,' and this is observed *de rigueur*; while all gentlemen are expected to appear in black dress coats and unimpeachable gloves. At the Theatre Royal, in Liverpool, the other evening, I was about entering the boxes with a lady on my arm, who wore on the back of her head a little 'love of a bonnet,' about the size of a japonica flower, when she was arrested by an usher, who politely informed her that the forbidden bonnet must be left in the ante-room."

There is one drawback to his delight—or would be, if the Colonel were a Chinaman, which we are thankful he is *not*. The busts are divinely beautiful—how about the feet? Look, ladies, to your Balmorals:—

"I have seen but one pretty foot in England. I used to think the old nursery story about the 'old woman who lived in a shoe,' entirely fabulous; but since I have seen the pedestals of some of these lovely living female statues I have formed a more favourable opinion of the veracity of 'Mother Goose.' But it is very evident that a large foot is not considered a detriment to female beauty in England; as the ladies make no effort to diminish the size of their feet by wearing pinching slippers. On the contrary, they wear clumsy gaiters, with heavy soles, which make their steps anything but fairy-like. And in this they show their good sense. One half of the consumption cases among the American women are owing to wafer-soled shoes, which render walking both difficult and dangerous. And so they sit pining in satin chairs in their over-heated rooms, sucking cough candy, and waiting for the doctor, and his shadow the undertaker; while these buxom English beauties are tramping about in their water-proof boots, or darting through lanes and parks in their saddles. To appear delicate or lackadaisical is no part of an English woman's ambition. Health and vigor of body are considered of primary importance, not only for comfort's sake, but as the most essential qualifications for satisfactorily and successfully performing the duties of wives and mothers. And they dress, and eat, and exercise accordingly. On calling on Lady—th

other morning, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in London, I found her dressed in a plain, purple coloured woollen robe, made of cheap and coarse material, and yet so tastefully fitting her fine figure that I was struck with the elegance and the comfort of the *ensemble*. An ultra fashionable belle of the Fifth Avenue would hardly 'come down' to her visitor in so simple a costume; or if she did, it would be with a confusion of apologetic words and blushes."

—It is wise in our gallant critic not to let that "one pretty foot" out of its slipper. The advice given or implied is, however, of the kindest and best.

Col. Fuller dines at clubs, dances at Casinos, visits famous people, and rattles off his opinions about the wine at one, the loveliness at another, and the talk at the third. One of his rapid visits—that to Leigh Hunt—gains, from the death of the "famous personage," a momentary interest of a peculiar kind. The brief passage on it we transfer to our columns, as a note to the memoir given in another page:—

"On entering the little parlor, used as a 'study,' a tall figure, dressed in a morning gown, with a large cape, came forward and grasped my hand with a sort of feminine tenderness and enthusiasm, and said, 'I am glad to welcome a gentleman who has spoken such hearty words for Burns.' Tea was soon ordered; and for two delightful hours I sat listening to the fluent and unflagging talk of the contemporary, the companion, and the friend of Byron, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, Moore, Campbell, and all the men of wit and wisdom whose stars have sparkled and vanished in the literary galaxy of England during the last fifty years. Leigh Hunt is now nearly eighty years of age; and yet his complexion has the fairness and softness of youth. His hair is as white as the bloom of the almond-tree, and as full and glossy as the head of a child. His brow is broad and beautiful, and his eye as gentle and as clear as that of a woman who has never seen a cloudy day. His heart is as merry as a bird's, and his look and manner alternately playful and pensive, but without a shadow of sadness. The dear old man, with all his precious poetic memories—with his venerable juvenility—this genial octogenarian, this unfading rose in the snow—how like he seemed to his own glorious 'Abou Ben Adhem,' that sweet essence of all Religion distilled into a single drop; and which, by the way, as the author has kindly sent it to me, written in his own beautiful hand, I will here quote, although it may be already familiar to every school-boy in America:—

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those that love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The poet has a copy of his favourite gem, exquisitely written and illuminated by Miss Procter (daughter of Barry Cornwall), handsomely framed, and hung near his writing-table. I shall not attempt to repeat the many wise words, admirable criticisms, and pleasant personal anecdotes with which he instructed and entertained me; but a capital illustration of Wordsworth was too good to be lost. 'He was a fine lettuce, with too many outside leaves!' Of Byron, he spoke with great sympathy and admiration; of the unfavourable maternal influences that warped his budding genius; and of the school-boy sneers at his lameness, which irritated his temper. But added that he was neither habitually moody nor morose, 'usually humming about in the morning, and reserving his more serious compositions for the night.' 'In Byron,' said Mr. Hunt, 'there was a

conflict of jealousy which the world never fully understood. *The Lord was jealous of the Poet; and the Poet was jealous of the Lord.*' Of Burns and the old Scotch Poets, Mr. Hunt talked in a strain of ardent and eloquent admiration, quoting with great glee:

Our guine man can't hame at e'en,
And hame can't he.

The idea of 'buttons on blankets' seemed to amuse him infinitely. On leaving, the good old Poet-Essayist presented me with a copy of his latest work, 'The Town.'

After Col. Fuller's return from France and Italy—into which countries we need not accompany him—he reviews the Old World relatively:—

"After the Continent, England looks grander and richer, and more substantial than ever. The very earth seems firmer, and the men and women look more solid, more earnest, more worthy of immortality. If it is evening with the human race in Italy, and morning in America, surely it is high noon in England. With the sun on the meridian, the shadows disappear."

With this pretty compliment we close a book which we have read through, amused and pleased. It would be difficult not to part in good humour from a guest so much delighted with England and the English as Col. Fuller.

Vicissitudes of Families, and other Essays. By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. (Longman & Co.)

"ULSTER" has here given us an agreeable book on one of the most interesting branches of genealogy. That study connects itself with physiology at one end, and with politics at the other; but it has equally striking relations to Art. Our novelists hardly dream of the material for fiction which lies buried in county and family histories,—books which, except in rare instances, are hopelessly unreadable. Sir Bernard Burke, in this instance, comes as a "medium" between that world and the ordinary reading public, and takes advantage of his position with taste and skill.

The 'Vicissitudes of Families' are images on a small scale of those of nations. The mind can grasp them,—while it retires bewildered from any attempt to picture the fortunes of a whole people. We feel the degradation of the Greeks most acutely when Plutarch tells us that one of the descendants of Aristides became a juggler. And what a lesson the details of the process would be, if we could recover those! A pedigree is a ladder by which we mount into past ages, and on any round of which we find a convenient resting-place for staying to look about us.

On the whole—directing our attention to the "vicissitudes" of houses specially—is not the wonder rather that so many survive, than that so many have fallen under the infinite varieties of fortune and time? Take the old Norman aristocracy of England, and consider the slaughters, attainders, changes of dynasty, changes of society, through which its few survivors have come down; the problem being in every generation to rear a representative who should continue the line and preserve the land! Ought we really to wonder that there are so few—some half-dozen—descendants of William's barons in the peerage, for instance—and a larger handful in the gentry—which, reinforced by those in both classes who come from his inferior aristocracy, can still be counted in a very few minutes! Perhaps not. Byron had hardly more rivals in blood than in poetry; yet he had a bend sinister to get over before arriving at Erneis and Radulphus, of whom he says,

—two-and-thirty manors
Were their rewards for following Billy's banners;

—and his family for a long interval had sunk below the baronial rank. Vicissitudes! The history of families consists of nothing else, almost; and if we wanted to cure one of Mr. Thackeray's "snobs" of snobbism, we should make him go through a course of Dugdale, Fuller, Collins, Banks, and Brydges. Genius is hardly rarer than very illustrious and unbroken descent. Some people think that genealogy makes its students who possess pedigrees vain; but the good side of the science is that it shows a man very soon how little *his* can be at the best in the old European hierarchy.

A few facts about the vicissitudes of families in our own country may have a value for the social philosopher.

Imprints, the great old Norman aristocracy is virtually defunct,—we mean that part of it which was really highest and strongest. The Mortimers, Lacys, Bohuns, Bigods, Valences, Warrens are altogether gone. That some of their blood exists somewhere, is probable enough,—but the stream is lost in the population, like a stream in the sea. The highest honour of our best families is to be able to trace a rill or two of it as tributary to their own. This constitutes the glory of the Howards, Devereuxes, Mannesers, and some thirty more. Of the remainder we virtually know nothing. Our aristocracy, like our modern ships, is not built of British oak only, but of timber from all parts of the world.

Again, it is worth notice how few of our decayed houses have managed to restore themselves by industry. A ruined, good family is far more likely to shine in war, or statesmanship, or letters, or art. Is Mr. Mill's remark right that the old nobles were a squandering class? and does this account for their not getting on in trade? We never hear of Talbot & Co., the great cotton-spinners, or Hastings & Vere, the mighty brewers; and the cases of the Gurneys and Drummonds just exist as if to be the necessary exceptions. On the other hand, the families of mercantile origin do not last as long as one would expect. They flourish for a generation or two, and fall again; and in some counties a great part of the land changes hands twice or thrice in every century.

So many are the chances, too, of the failure of a direct male line that few persons descend from the loins of the more illustrious men of their race. There are no descendants of Bacon, Shakespeare, Spenser, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Cromwell, Sir Philip Sydney, and hundreds more—though their *stock* is not extinct. The Duke of Montrose, indeed, comes from the great Montrose; the Duke of Cleveland from Sir Harry Vane; the Earl of Shrewsbury from the warrior who first bore the title; and Lord Derby from the Thomas Lord Derby first earl of his house. But these are only a few cases, and the law would seem to be the other way. A very great man embodies all the virtue of the race, and nature takes a rest, as it were, in his branch by cutting it short, while the line of some obscure cousin flourishes upon his fame or wealth. Where the line, however, ends in heiresses, they often carry some of its peculiar qualities into other houses, and so modify their male line, which yet (as portraits go to prove) would seem to have elements of permanence through all intermixtures. Here we touch on the very obscurest point of the study. A person would appear to be the direct product of the union of his various ancestors, and yet most individuals resemble one family amongst their ancestry more than another. In obscure families the results of this fact are often startling. A forgotten ancestral nigger, for example, "crops out" in the dusky hue of one of a batch of brothers and sisters as fair as their neigh-

bours,—like the thick lips of the Polish Princess amongst the Hapsburgs.

But we are forgetting Sir Bernard Burke while dipping into the philosophy of his subject. The most attractive part of his book is not that which relates to England, but to his own hereditary kingdom. Many of us have heard before how Cromwell came to be represented in the last century by a grocer, and the Umfravilles by the master of a workhouse,—how a certain butcher in a country town not long since was entitled to quarter Plantagenet,—and a toll-keeper descended from the Dudleys kept his "pike" near the very towers of their old castle. But Sir Bernard has fresher material to deal with in the results of the Encumbered Estates Court—a subject full of picturesque horror, and which might well claim a book to itself. As he says:—

"The gentry of Ireland are now, in many cases, dispossessed: new manners and new men are filling the land, and the old time-honoured houses are passing rapidly away. Whoever collects instances of fallen families, some thirty years hence, will have a fruitful field to gather in. No one will gain-say the beneficial influence the Encumbered Estates Court has exercised in a national point of view, or fail to trace to its introduction into Ireland the dawn of the prosperity which is now shining on that most improving of countries. That it has worked infinite public good is undeniable; but it is equally certain, that the general benefit has been effected at the cost of much individual misery. The condition of the country is increased by it, as the state of a boat's crew, tempest-tossed, with only a slender basket of provisions, is improved by some of the unhappy sufferers being thrown overboard and drowned. But the relatives of the doomed cannot but lament, and even the unconnected spectators of such stern and sharp justice cannot remain unconcerned. No cases of vicissitudes would be so pathetic, no episodes of decadence so lamentable as those that could be told, in connexion with the transfer of land in Ireland, but the wounds are too fresh, and the ruin too recent, for me to enter on so painful a theme. Many a well-born gentleman—torn from his patrimony—has sought and found on the hospitable shores of Australia and America, the shelter and happiness denied to him in the land of his birth, while some I might mention, who staid at home in the vain hope of retrieving the past, or who were too old to enter on a new career, ended their days in the Poor House. What story of fiction is more striking than that of Mr. D'Arcy, of Kiltullagh and Clifden Castle, in the county of Galway, who, after the ruinous sale of his estates, took orders and became a missionary in the very district which used to be his own! or, what more marvellous instance of the depreciation of property, than in the sale of Castle Hyde, in the county of Cork, the inheritance of Mr. Hyde, a scion of the Clarendon Hydes, and first cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, who was deprived of his fine old place in the worst times of the famine?"

And he follows this up, presently, by the story of the "Princess of Connemara"—the last and least fortunate of the Martins of Galway. The famine overtook this unhappy lady when her estate was encumbered with a mortgage held by the "Law Life Assurance Society," and here is the result:—

"The year of famine came on, government works were commenced, and the tenants soon ceased to pay any rents whatever, and as a natural consequence the owners of so many thousands of acres were no longer able to pay up the instalments due upon their mortgage. Men acting in large bodies are seldom so merciful as when they are individually responsible for their deeds, and the Law Life Assurance Society formed no exception to this rule of general experience. They insisted upon the due performance of their bond, and that being under the circumstances impossible, this vast Connemara property came into the Encumbered Estates Court, and the famous old race of Martin of Ballinahinch was sold out: the times were the worst possible for

an advantageous sale; and the Assurance Company bought in almost the entire of the estate, at a sum immeasurably below its real value, and quite inadequate, even with the produce of the remnant of the lands bought by other parties, to the liquidation of its heavy liabilities. Not a single acre remained for the poor heiress of what was once a princely estate, and while others were thus fattening upon her ancient inheritance, the 'Princess of Connemara,' without any fault of her own, became an absolute pauper. The home of her fathers had passed away to strangers, leaving nothing behind but debts and the bitter recollection of what she had lately been. A more painful example of family decadence will not easily be found, though the roll of such events, as I have already shown, is sufficiently extensive. * * In this total wreck of all her fortunes the ill-starred 'Princess of Connemara' retired to Fontaine l'Évêque in Belgium, where for a short while she supported herself by her pen; but so scanty were the means thus obtained that she at length resolved to abandon the Continent for America, hoping to find in the New World an ampler field for her exertions. Some friends of the family now came forward with a small subscription to enable her to carry out this object. Much it could not have been, for we find her embarking on the voyage in a sailing vessel, although she was far advanced in pregnancy. A premature confinement was the result in this den of misery, without medical attendant, without a nurse, without any one of the aids so indispensable at such a moment of danger and suffering. Can it be a matter of surprise to any one that she died soon after she touched the shore; or, as some will have it, before she left the boat?"

But who does the reader suppose is now the Chief of the O'Neills of Clanaboy? Sir Bernard Burke, who lives in the same town, shall tell us:—

"Sergeant-Major Bryan O'Neill, youngest son of Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth baronet, is now in his seventy-fifth year, and is a tall and distinguished looking man, in whose appearance and manners, notwithstanding his age and poverty, and the ordeal through which he has passed, may be traced the high lineage and noble blood of Clanaboy. And thus I close this sketch of the decadence of a branch of the royal house of O'Neill, in which the mutability of fortune is signally displayed. The descendant of Prince Niul of Scythia and Egypt, of Milesius, King in Spain, of the royal author, Cormac Uadha, of Con of 'the hundred battles,' and Niall the Great, of the chivalrous Niall Caille, and Hugh Boy, and Brian Balv, and Henry Caoch, and the gallant and dashing Colonel of Charles the First's dragons at the battle of Edge Hill, the cousin of three peers and of a duke, and the lineal descendant of a hundred kings, is reduced to the humble lot of a discharged pensioner of the crown, at two shillings and twopence a day, and occupies a room in a small shop in an obscure street, where his eldest son is a coffinmaker!"

A little of the Celtic sympathy so lavishly shown for the French Generals of Irish descent might be bestowed, we think, on this old soldier; but perhaps he is disqualified by having fought loyally under the British Crown. There is hardly a sadder story in this painful but interesting work.

Christian Philosophy.—[Die Christliche Philosophie]. By Dr. Heinrich Ritter. (Göttingen, Dieterich; London, Nutt.)

THE reader must not be misled by the title of this work into a supposition that it is a treatise of the practical kind, inculcating as much wholesome philosophy as may be supposed compatible with the Christian character; since it is nothing of the sort. It is neither more nor less than an elaborate history of the metaphysical philosophy of the whole civilized world, so far as this may be considered under the influence of the Christian religion. Dr. Ritter is not only pre-eminent as an historian of philosophy; he is also

especially historical in his very idea of philosophical science. Agreeing with Hegel, that the successive systems respectively represent the ages of their production, he does not, however, assume an *absolute* principle of construction. Philosophy, with him, is never wholly independent of public opinion. This is the proposition which he lays down at the commencement of a recently-published work on 'Logic and Metaphysics,'—and he now largely illustrates it by showing the vicissitudes to which philosophy is subject while influenced by a public opinion, of which Christianity is the basis.

Separating the whole history of mankind into that of ancient and modern nations, Dr. Ritter arrives at the conclusion, that by the Christian religion alone is drawn the line of demarcation which effects this division, and that the Christian nations alone have inherited from the races of classic antiquity the mission of civilizing the world. True, the Germans were in their forests while the Romans were in their forum, and, therefore, in one sense of the word, are just as old as any other branch of the Indo-Germanic race; but it was not till they were christianized that they took a part in the work of civilization. Universal history has its outsiders as well as the chronicle of particular countries; and every one knows perfectly well that the dynasties who rule the islands of the Pacific, though highly interesting to the traveller and the geographer, lie beyond the ken of the historian properly so called.

It is not, therefore, by a mere caprice that the term ancient is so exclusively bestowed on the Greeks and Romans,—that the young sculptor, advised to study the antique, does not for a moment imagine that he is to betake himself to the Assyrian relics in the Layard collection. The Oriental influence only comes into the old Western World through the medium of Alexandrian dreamers, trained in the later Greek schools, and of polytheistic Romans, ready to include every conceivable deity in a vast pantheon. Thus the history of Christian philosophy begins where that of the classical nations leaves off; but Dr. Ritter takes pains to show that the old world was the foundation on which the new generation took its stand. Paganism and Christianity could not amalgamate, perfectly antithetical as they were in every particular: the former patriotic, the latter cosmopolitan; the former sighing over the glories of an heroic past, the latter looking with faith towards an ideal future. But notwithstanding this antagonism, and notwithstanding an epoch of comparative indifference, during which two literatures, both in the same language, ran side by side without influencing each other, the Christians were trained in the learning of the old nations, and had firmly established themselves on classic soil before the broad conversion of the races previously deemed barbarous was effected. Hence the line of demarcation between the ancient and modern world is also a link of connexion; and, though writers of the Milner school may regret the Platonic influence which is visible among the Alexandrian Christians, the impartial thinker will come to the same conclusion as Dr. Ritter, that this phase among others was necessary to a religion that brought with it not only a new revelation of theological truth, but also gave a completely fresh turn to the civilization of mankind.

The humanizing effect of Christianity, as shown in literature, is illustrated by Dr. Ritter, in a comparison between the representatives of the ancient and modern world:—

The Greeks and Romans had not by their side any nation to be compared to them in point of culture; the other peoples with whom they held

intercourse they generally regarded as mere barbarians. The modern nations, already inclined to attract into their sphere popular elements other than their own, could not, when they became acquainted with Greek civilization, resist its influence; they sought perforce to master the arts, the language, the literature of the Greeks. Here we have a natural advance in the diffusion of civilization. Those who come later must seek to appropriate to themselves the results of an earlier development, that these may not be lost. But, on the other hand, how much greater is the susceptibility of modern nations for everything foreign! We not only throw open our markets to the products of the entire world, but we try to acquire the languages, traditions, art, history of every race. For the smallest song of every poor, rude, fallen nation we have an ear, and little as it may practically concern us, we strive to catch the peculiarity of its tongue. Not only the preponderating forms of an overwhelming civilization compel our attention, but our curiosity is excited by things the most minute and humble, because we fancy that we can hear in them some hidden sound of human nature. How much more comprehensive and profound are the attempts of the moderns to penetrate into the spirit of foreign nations than anything we find among the ancients, with respect to the civilization of their neighbours! Of the great heroic poems of the Iberians, which were known to the ancients,—of the prolix Oriental works, of which they make mention, they have not considered anything worthy of incorporation into their general knowledge. They were in the habit of subjugating foreign nations; they drew from them a supply of slaves and soldiers; but they did not condescend to gather information respecting their culture. We are accustomed to regard the Ancients as representatives of humanity; to us their works are objects by which we enlarge and refresh our knowledge of man, but in themselves they present the image of an insulated nationality rather than the example of a state of mind that can comprehend and appreciate the human in every form of its manifestation.

Only the first volume of Dr. Ritter's interesting book has yet made its appearance. This, in addition to the general survey of the subject to which we have more particularly referred, recounts in detail the progress of Christian philosophy among the ancients, both before and after the recognition of Christianity as a State religion, and then brings the narrative down to the later schoolmen, with a separate chapter on those Arabian philosophers who at one period seemed on the point of snatching the hegemony of civilization from the hands of the Western world. Thus, a tolerably complete course of patristical and scholastic philosophy is presented to the studious public; and, let us add, that the book is readable to a degree which, forty years ago, would never have been expected in the work of a German metaphysician. The remaining portion will continue the record from the era of the Reformation to the present time.

A Treatise on the West Indian Incumbered Estates Acts. With an Appendix. By Reginald John Cust, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Secretary to the Commission. (Amer.)

DESPERATE diseases require strong treatment, and the state of Ireland in 1849 appeared well nigh desperate. The Irish Incumbered Estates Act was the remedy prescribed by the legislature, and in less than four years 1,700,000 acres of land had been conveyed under its provisions. Those inferior "jems of the ocean," the West Indian Islands, were philanthropized into a state as deplorable as that of the "first jem" itself. Estates which at one time realized many thousands a year came to return a few hundreds only, and then were thrown out of cultivation altogether, except where the local attorney managed to realize a small profit by cultivating or letting parts of the estate, concerning which

small matter he was often too considerate to trouble the owner in this country with any accounts. In the mean time, the jointures and other annuities charged on the estate by former owners, continued at their original amounts, and the state of the West Indian Islands in general was as bad as possible.

At this juncture our legislature determined to try the prescription which had proved such a powerful restorative in Ireland. An Incumbered Estates Act was concocted for the West Indies in 1854. Somehow, although the services of an Honorable Mr. Phipps were secured as Chief Commissioner, this act would not work; and it was not until after an amended act had been passed in 1858 that a sale by auction under the Court was effected. The provisions of the West Indian Act as amended are very similar to those of the Irish Act; but there is this great difference in the mode of administering the dose to the different patients: Ireland, having a hand in the passing of the Act, became subject at once to its provisions. In the case of the West Indies, the acts do not come into operation until an Order in Council to that effect is made, and this order cannot be issued until the Colonial Legislature has petitioned for it, and made provision for the local expenses. Some of the islands have looked upon this provision in the same light as a schoolboy would view a permission to be whipped, on his own application and on paying for the rod, and, accordingly, St. Vincent and Tobago are the only islands that have hitherto presented the necessary petition. It seems very doubtful whether the Act will ever be called into operation as to the other islands; for, lo! while the medicine is mixing the patient gets better. A returning flush of health has spread over the islands,—a reaction from the state of stupefaction into which the colonies were thrown by the emancipation and the destruction of the apprenticeship system, has appeared. The introduction of labourers by Coolie and Chinese emigration has commenced in earnest, and Lord Brougham, with the rump of the old anti-slavery party, is waiting upon the Duke of Newcastle with tales of the revival of the slave trade, of which the Duke does not believe one word.

No one now denies that the emancipation was a great and glorious work; whether, indeed, it might not have been more wisely carried out, whether the immense sacrifice of property which has followed was a necessary effect of that noble change, is a question on which much has been said, and on which, therefore, in our limited space, it is best to say nothing. It is enough that the great majority of the planters have been ruined by this philanthropic effort. Are they entitled to no more gentle treatment than being subjected to an Incumbered Estates Act? They want labour, and they want capital. May not emigration to the West Indies exist without the slave trade? and might not the black philanthropy of 1833 be nobly supplemented by a little white philanthropy of 1860, which might show itself in measures which should facilitate the granting of improving leases by persons having limited interest in the land, or who are under disabilities, or even by grants of money for purposes of improvement?

We write in vain. The anti-slavery party is proud of its magnanimity in carrying emancipation and voting twenty millions sterling for compensation. Our miserable, uncultivated—or, at best, half-cultivated—lands are the honourable scars which they gained in that heroic act, and have the unusual advantage of being scars upon other people. At any rate, if the colonies are to flourish, it shall not be for the benefit of those old enemies of the anti-slavery

party—the planters, who, with some honourable exceptions, opposed emancipation, but it shall be for the benefit of new owners, claiming under the Incumbered Estates Court.

We do not for a moment accuse Lord Brougham and his friends of a deliberate desire to continue that state of depression and misery which the great social revolution of 1833 has caused, but we believe that they, from old association, too closely connect the prosperity of the West Indies with slavery. In spite of the elaborate efforts that have been made by some of them to show that the abolition was no cause of the distress that followed, but was rather a boon to the planter, no sooner is there an appearance of revived activity, than the Society smells slavery. We trust that the inquiry now contemplated may satisfy these suspicious gentlemen that the present immigration is free from the evils which they dread, and that the approaching convalescence of the West India Islands may justify a milder treatment than these Incumbered Estates Acts.

To those who are concerned in the operation of these Acts the present will be found a very useful book of reference, containing as it does all the forms and directions which have been issued, with the decisions up to this time of Mr. Stonor, the present Chief Commissioner.

1564—1621. *The Life of Daniel Chamier, with the Journal of his Mission to the Court of Henry IV. in 1607*—[Daniel Chamier, &c.] Published for the first time from the Original Manuscripts, with numerous and hitherto unedited Documents. By Charles Read. (Paris, Agence Centrale de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français.)

The name of Chamier is known to the student of the history of the Reformation, in connexion with the grave scholastic literature, the sufferings, heroisms, and the dear-bought triumphs of those eventful times. In England, it is more familiar to us in its connexion with certain light and ephemeral literature illustrative of naval life. The respective bearers of this name are of the same family,—a family of Dauphiné, where Daniel, the most celebrated of French Protestant controversialists, was born, in the year 1564. He was born and reared, he lived and died, in fearful times. His father, a "doctor of the canon law" at Avignon, was one of the vanguard of the soldiers of the Reformation; and in that capacity he was often hunted down, with his family, by the well-mounted dragoons of orthodoxy. On one of these occasions he was compelled to fly on foot, with a wife and six children, from Vivaretz to Nîmes. A passage in the biography, by the old English dissenter, Quick (the original is in the library in Red Cross Street), graphically describes how this journey with weary little children was in part effected:—"To wear away the pains and irksomeness of their travel, he takes with him a bag of nuts, and threw them before him in the way, which these poor lambs running after to pick them up, did thus, insensibly, lose the sense of the length and trouble of their journey."

One of these little ones was Daniel, "the great Chamier," as he is called, to this day, by the grateful Protestants of France generally. After severe training he was ordained to the ministry, and, subsequent to some office of probation, he was "set in the golden candlestick at Aubenas." It was a candlestick, the lights in which were speedily trodden out by the armed enemies of the Reformation, who would have slain Daniel, but that he fled to Valz, "where he passed the river without any other clothes on his body than his bare shift, and so

by the gracious providence of God escaped the hands of those barbarous murderers." The latter manifested in what spirit they would have negotiated with the minister, by the treatment which they awarded to the ministerial gown left behind him in his modest little pulpit:—"They made the poor gown suffer the most severe penance, disciplining it, and scourging it most unmercifully many times a day, and, for many days together, bragging and boasting of what cruelties they would have inflicted upon the just proprietor had he fallen into their hands."

When better days came on, Daniel Chamier was enabled to hold in peace the offices of pastor and professor at Montlimart; and we may appropriately cite here a curious paragraph from the old biography by Quick, who resided, with a great-grandson of Daniel for his friendly neighbour, in the then pleasant locality which he calls "Bun Hill":—

"How long this Academy continued at Montlimart I know not. That it flourished I am very certain. For there was a very great conflux of youth unto it by this good token: The vineyards of Montlimart are all open. And the boys took their opportunity in vintage time, and before, of plundering and spoiling the vines. For in the foreign academies and universities you do not meet with that strict and regular discipline which is religiously observed in our renowned universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Their way of education being quite contrary to ours, not observing that reverence, nor paying that deference to their Rectors which is regularly and duly paid unto the Heads of Houses with us. In truth, they are trained up, unto such familiarity with them as breeds contempt, unto a liberty which without the cords and curbs of restraining grace cannot but degenerate into licentiousness. And I made this sorrowful observation when I assisted at some foreign synods how their young ministers would carry it insolently and saucily towards the elder; and condoling with them about these affronts put upon them by these rude and ill-bred youths (the bad fruits of their unmannerly education at the university) those ancient divines would shrug up their shoulders, and sighing tell me, there was none other remedy than patience. It is true in France the younger ministers did observe a little better decorum unto their seniors than in the Reformed Confederate Netherlands. But the looseness of their youth in both nations is deplorable. Their unruliness at Montlimart, and the many disorders committed by them made the town grow weary of their company, and the Academy was transferred unto Die another city in this province."

It was during the period that Chamier exercised his responsible offices that he was despatched to the court of Henri IV., to obtain from that monarch his sanction to various objects, attainment to which on the part of Protestants, opposed as it was by Roman Catholics, was authorized by the Edict of Nantes. Let us notice, by the way, that if the assertion of Varillas, that Chamier was one of those employed to draw up this edict cannot be substantiated, he was assuredly among the most determined of those who, as long as Henri lived, kept that King, as far as so slippery a King could be kept, to the observance of the promises solemnly made in the great "Edict."

It is to the journal recording the chief incidents of this mission that we now address ourselves. It is only necessary to premise that Chamier's sole object was to obtain a service from the King,—chiefly, a sanction touching the establishing of an "academy" for Protestants, which might have been performed in five minutes. Chamier was kept "on and off" just five months. The very idea of so honest and zealous a minister coming to court enraged the perversive monarch. "Ah," said Henri, one day, when dining with the ex-shoemaker, Zamet de Lucques, Baron de Murat, and "lord of seven hundred thousand dollars," "that Chamier

is a seditious fellow; if, in speaking to me, he dares utter a word that offends me, I will put him into a place he little dreams of." This speech was reported to the missionary, who sets it down in his journal without comment; and subsequently, on being informed that the monarch would be angry if Chamier styled the Roman Catholics "Papists," he registers this too, with the observation that, "the King shall call them what he chooses, but I will call them 'Papists.'"

At length commenced his efforts to obtain, what had been promised him, an audience of the King. One day the poor minister follows him through the alleys of the park at Fontainebleau, but at the end of the day he is told to "call again." At a later day, the Duke de Bouillon places him, by order or permission, at Henri's chamber-door, from which, when that easy personage issues, and that after a weary interval, it is only to remark, "I cannot speak with you to-day, M. le Connétable being present,—I will have no one by when you speak to me"; and so the petitioner goes back to his inn, to count his fast vanishing pistoles, and to take patience till the next appointed day arrives; and then, on presenting himself, he is kept waiting, only to be dismissed with the knowledge of the important fact, that His Majesty could not see him, as he was about to take medicine. He is bidden to come another day, with like result, and then is ordered to attend when the King dines in public. "Accordingly," he writes, "I went to the King's dinner, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. When it was over, the King withdrew to the Queen's apartments; but I waited on till word was sent me by M. de Lomenie, that nothing further could be done that day, but that I must go the next day for the King's rising, and accordingly I went," and, after long waiting, he was commended to return "after dinner." "At the close of the dinner," says Chamier, "the Cardinal Du Perron arrived, and the King received him with great caresses. When His Majesty retired with the Cardinal, I bowed to him. He then said to me, twice, 'I will speak with you by-and-by'; and then, turning to the Cardinal, he said, in my hearing, but in a lower voice, 'Of all the ministers, that fellow yonder is the worst!'"

So again came many a disappointment, but Chamier on one occasion seems to have encountered the King by chance. Henri was with M. de La Force, whom he left on seeing Chamier approach. The latter began at once by thanking him for past favours, requesting him to sanction the establishing of the college at Montlimart,—and finally besought the King to believe nothing to his (the minister's) prejudice. The respectful intimation that he asked nothing but in accordance with the tenor of the Edict of toleration appears to have irritated the King, who, deferring other matters, dwelt upon Chamier's character as an officious man:—"If there is a cat to be whipped," said he, "I believe it is you who must do it." Henri alluded to the father of Chamier as a man of better quality of temper,—and added a caution to take care what he was about, or, said the gracious sovereign, "I will expel you the kingdom, not merely as a minister, but as a French subject, for I account myself king over all—ministers, priests, and bishops." Chamier defended himself fearlessly as the two walked together through the park, till they found themselves in the mud. Then the King called for his horse, and the heroic monarch, sadly, yet wisely, afraid of wet feet, handed the minister over to Father Cotton, the Jesuit, who treated him with an excess of politeness, which was not destitute of a particular object. The great Sully, good reformer as he was, went more directly to

this object than the Jesuit. "Don't be obstinate," he remarked, "when with the King. Give way; confess that you have offended him, even if you have not done so!" There was something honest about the famous Jesuit, too. "He is a seditious fellow, that Chamier," said the King to him, in the hearing of M. de St. Auban, who reported it to Daniel;—"Nay," answered Cotton, "he appears to me an able and learned man."—"Appears!" exclaimed Henri, scornfully, "appearances are deceiving."

They were deceptive assuredly on more sides than one. Amid notices of how Chamier caught what may be called fragmentary audiences of the King, at which he resolutely held on by the Edict of Nantes, the good Daniel registers a conversation between the Cardinal Du Perron and the Protestant Duke de Sully. The former could not imagine how the Duke could allow his opinions to stand in the way of his advancement or of his service to France. "There are more than mere opinions in the way," said the Duke; "my conscience will not bend itself to transubstantiation, communion under one element, and the worship of images." To which the Cardinal replied, "that there were expedients for these little difficulties; that as to transubstantiation and images, he might believe as he liked about them; and that for the other matter, it would be easy to grant a privilege to him and his whole race always to receive the sacrament under both elements!" But neither the courtesy of this Cardinal, nor the politeness of Paul V., who regretted that he had not time to make a trip to Paris to effect the conversion of the Duke, nor the epistolary energy of Clement VIII., could move Sully. "Whatever they say," remarked he to Chamier, "about changing my religion, tell them everywhere not to believe a word about it!"

Hitherto Chamier had obtained no assurance from the King that the acts of those whom he represented should be sanctioned as far as they were authorized by the Edict of Nantes. A long course of appointments and disappointments had to be run through before this desired end was gradually obtained. Henri grew more gracious as the gout, by which he had been tormented, disappeared; and the most Christian King graces the last scene with a fine burst of variegated light about him. He compared himself very favourably with respect to many of his predecessors, and pointed to his ultimate success as a proof that what he had done was rightly done in the sight of God. "I know," said he, "that I am very unworthy of so much favour, for I neglect to do all the good that I might, and do much more evil than I ought; but my intentions are good,"—and here, adds the journalist, "he seemed to me to sob." Chamier was not quite sure, but he gave the benefit of decent semblance to a king who professed what he disbelieved rather than lose the crown of France. On the 28th of March he set out on his journey southward, from whence he had departed on the previous 30th of October. His purse was lighter by many a score of pistoles than when he commenced his mission; but he took back a pretty ring for his handsome and excellent wife, and a recommendation from the Duc de Bouillon to be extremely careful how he and his co-religionists acted in perfecting their religious and civil rights, as otherwise "the King, contenting himself with general terms, may force you into illegal acts—just as he would have them!"

Altogether the great King does not carry with him a very sweet savour in this journal; but as a recent convert he was the more zealously wroth against the moderator of that famous assembly "at Gap in Dolphiny," at which the Pope was declared to be Antichrist, and the

declaration ordered to be inserted among the articles of confession. With regard to the journal itself, we may add, that it is not so entirely unknown as the editor seems to think. His own abstract, almost as copious as the original document, and published at Paris in 1854, is now on our table. The whole of the diary will, however, probably be new to most of our readers; and it assuredly forms a striking chapter in the episodes which connect the early history of the reformed churches in France with those chronicles of the period subsequent to the demise of Louis the Fourteenth, which have been so admirably compiled by the pastor Coquerel, under the title of '*L'Eglise dans le Désert*.' The biography by the old dissenting minister, John Quick, is as well worth studying as the Journal by Chamier itself. But the incidents of the great scholar's life have been rendered more or less familiar by the memoir of himself and his descendants, which appeared here in 1852. It will be sufficient for us, therefore, to say here, that he continued, by his acts, speeches and writings, to defend and further the cause of the Reformation, till "God was pleased to send chariots of fire and horses for him, as he did for Elijah, to carry him home to glory." This was in October, 1621, at Montauban, where he exercised the office of Professor of Theology. The Protestant city was in arms for its religious and political rights, and was being besieged by the royal and orthodox army of Louis the Thirteenth, in whose name both parties fought with equal energy. Old John Quick thus roughly and strikingly paints the picture of Chamier's "*translation*":—

"On the 16th of October 1621 the royal army made a general assault against Montauban intending to take it by storm. The slaughter was exceeding great on the king's side. For the defendants fought for their lives. The assailants for revenge and victory. All night the cannon roared most dreadfully. There were about 900 shot made against two bastions, that of Paillass and of Moustier. The breaches made by them were so wide that four horsemen might ride in a-breast through them. But the next morning, being the Lord's day, the thunder raged much more furiously and was double to what had been the night before. This obliged the poor citizens to double their devotions in the temple, and the soldiers their military prudence and courage in the places of assault. Several hundreds of the royalists both common soldiers and officers never were so rudely disciplined before as now by the Huguenots, who made the zealous catholics undergo the severest penance for their religious attacking of them. Blood, wounds, broken limbs, dislocated bones, and death in its most grim and ghastly appearances were those kind presents they tendered them for beating up their quarters so early. The ditches and counter-scarps were all filled with multitudes of dead bodies. No consecrated medals, no blessed Agnus Dei, no holy chaplets, nor crucifixes, nor amulets could preserve these daring assailants from the mortal blows of the defendants. When their captains pressed on their companies to the assault and encouraged them by their example, crying: 'Come, follow us!' the poor soldiers were overheard to answer: 'Where the devil will you lead us? What else can we meet with in these entrenchments but present death?' And indeed they met with it as soon as the words were out of their mouths. For they were killed in the very spot, and lie stretched out stark dead as they were banning and damning their evil fortune. Great was the loss and carnage of the royal army this day, and yet very inconsiderable as to number was that of the protestants. When the retreat was sounded by the king's command (for he was there in person to give life and vigour unto the storm) and the assailants were withdrawn, the city counted but ten men lost on their side. But there was one of the ten who was better worth than the whole army, it was Mons. Chamier, who being in the way of his duty, praying unto God to own his poor distressed Montauban, and encouraging the soldiers to stand

their ground manfully, for they fought to preserve the chastity of their wives, their own and their children's lives, liberties and estates, the honour of their God, his gospel, their true and holy religion, their conscience and precious souls that they might not be polluted with nor enslaved unto idolatry. Whilst he was praying and thus exhorting a cannon bullet coming by struck him in the breast so that he fell dead in the place, and the bullet by him. Thus fell this great man. There were several most remarkable passages in and about his death."

Over the great author of the '*Panstratia*' and the '*Corpus Theologicum*' all churches mourned. It is greatly to the credit of many members of the Church to which he was most energetically opposed, that the man against whom, when he was alive, they struck most furiously, was after his death mentioned by them always with profound respect, often with great affection. His works were to be found not only in such libraries as that of our Bishop Hall, but in those of Romish princes and prelates, who purchased his *folios* with avidity. In the annals of the religious history of France there is scarcely a greater name; but the name and the memory alone survive there. The family is extinct save in its female line, which flourishes in England. The great-grandson of Daniel, bearing also the same baptismal name, quitted France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and ultimately settled in England. His son, another Daniel, had a daughter, Judith, who married, in 1749, the Rev. Jean des Champs, minister of the French chapel in the Savoy. Their son, John Ezekiel, assumed his mother's family name of Chamier, and of his six sons there still survive the Rev. William Chamier, minister of the English church in Paris; Henry Chamier, who has occupied the highest civil offices in the Presidency of Madras; and Capt. Frederick Chamier, who entered the naval service of England exactly half a century ago, and who is the author of '*Ben Brace*,' '*Tom Bowling*,' '*The Life of a Sailor*,' and other productions which have more amused some of our generation than they could have delighted his great ancestor. Be this as it may, that great ancestor has a most lively biographer in John Quick, who is one of those sprightly writers who not only tell a story well, but love to graft an anecdote on it when they possibly can. We cite one of these "*à propos*," because it is not only good in itself, but it exhibits a pleasing social trait of a bitterly controversial time:—

"This brings to my mind a story of the like nature. Mons. Calvin was visited by Monluc, Bishop of Valence. His host conducted him to Calvin's house. Monluc knocks at the door. Calvin opens it in his old gown and birette on his head (A birette is such a cap as our attorneys wear in Term-time, or the servitors in our Universities). The bishop demands to speak with his master. Calvin answers, that himself was the master of that house. What, said Monluc, are you the famous Mons. Calvin, the pastor and professor of the church and Academy of Geneva? 'I am the same,' saith Calvin, 'the humble minister of God's word in Geneva;' and invites the bishop into his poor lodgings, who after some discourse passed betwixt them as learned men, desires to see his library, and then and there discovered to him his quality. Mons. Calvin treats this great prelate with all becoming respect. Who demanding of him what salary he received from the Lords of the city for his great labours, Mons. Calvin answered, that which they were well able to give him, and wherewith he was very well satisfied. How much, said the bishop, pray, Mons. Calvin, let me know? He told him his stipend annually was two hundred crowns. The bishop at this answer was amused. How, said he, do you preach and read a lecture in divinity, and moderate in the Academic disputations, and assist the Consistorial Assemblies once every day of the week, and undergo such immense and unwearied labours for such a

sorry stipend? O ungrateful Geneva! and repeated his exclamations over and over. 'Well, Mons. Calvin, said the bishop, leave this unworthy people that know not how to prize and recompense thy great merits, and come over to our holy Catholic church, make thy own demands, I will oblige myself to see them punctually performed.' But Mons. Calvin was above the world and the temptation of temporal riches and honour. The bishop desired to see his school, and as he was going out of it, he puts into Calvin's hand a bag of gold. Mons. Calvin with much modesty and civility refuseth it. But being overcome with the bishop's importunity he tells his Lordship that he would accept of it provided his Lordship do by another such bag as he would do with this. The bishop consents unto his motion. Whereupon Mons. Calvin rings a little bell and there doth presently come out a layman in a blue apron. My Lord, said Mons. Calvin, this man is one of the deacons of our church; and turning to him: Brother, said he, conduct us to the Corban, and open the Poor's-trunk unto us. The deacon doth it. Now, my Lord, said he, let your Lordship make good the promise; I give my bag of gold unto the poor; do you give another.' The bishop did it most freely upon the spot. For he was a noble and generous person, and would relate the story pleasantly among his friends how wittily Mons. Calvin got from him two bags of gold for the poor heretics of Geneva, and would never speak of him without terms of honour. Indeed by the laws of Geneva Mons. Calvin could not receive any pension or gratuity from a foreigner without the privy and consent of the Lords of that city. And by a canon of one of the national synods, the French ministers were forbidden the receiving of gifts or presents from any persons. No wonder that Mons. Calvin deposited his in the poor's-box, and Mons. Chamier his into the hands of his consistory."

The volume is ballasted by a very heavy and stony appendix, which is to be consulted rather than read;—but its great attraction is in the journal and the biography. These would have satisfied Father Cotton himself, who, for his love of pleasant talking and reading, and plenty of both, was distinguished by Scaliger by the by no means unpleasant appellation of *Gossipionymus*.

Sect History of the Austrian Government, and of the Systematic Persecutions of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents. By Alfred Michiels. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE author of this book explains its purpose by declaring that Austrian history has hitherto been falsified by flatterers of the Austrian throne. In this assertion he is justified by Hornayr, Director of the Viennese Archives during twenty-five years. Besides, the empire of the Hapsburgs has not been a favourite subject with historical writers. Schiller attracted attention to it, and the dramatic career of Wallenstein put the romanticists on a fresh scent; afterwards the elaborate work of Coxe seemed to occupy the ground; but the most important materials were secreted, while of those that had been given to the world, some of the best, such as the gigantic volume of Cardinal Caraffa, had been passed over. Ranke caught a few glimpses of the Imperial State Papers, but it was Hornayr, already mentioned, who laid bare the Austrian system. He was a man, says the compiler, of prodigious memory; his father had collected nine thousand portraits, and he could mention the name of every personage painted in that vast gallery; he knew by heart a hundred dramas, and could recite ten or twelve thousand verses in different languages, besides repeating three books of the *Æneid* backwards! We take this with a grain of salt; but it is indubitable that Hornayr, when he left Austria for Bavaria, carried with him an immense treasure of copied documents, notes, and reminiscences; in these, and in cer-

tain manuscripts which the Vienna Government sold as waste paper, and of which Dr. Vohse has made excellent use, the writer of the book before us—apparently a translation from a French or German original—has found his authorities. The narrative is a painful, almost a repulsive one; it is black with tragedy, it records a constant succession of crimes; still it is interesting, and not without value as a contribution to the history of modern Europe.

The writer undisguisedly impeaches the Austrian system as a monstrous combination of hypocrisy, perfidy, and violence. He is confessedly a partizan, and vilipends the Hapsburgs, with their agents, so systematically, that some readers may question his qualifications as an historian; but allowance must be made for strong feelings and a fervid style. Assuredly, if ever there were men whose atrocities it would be impossible to exaggerate, they were the desolators of Germany—the Second Ferdinand, with Wallenstein and his mercenary swarms. There was a touch of heroism in the Fifth Charles, there was a glow even on the cruelties of the Second Philip, but Ferdinand and his successor were idealized despots of the lowest type. Even Wallenstein, notwithstanding the nimbus that shines about his name, was very much of a mock theatrical, barbaric hero. Consequently, the story is monotonously dulled with the stain of blood; the reign of Ferdinand for years was a series of executions; the retrospect is crowded with wheels and gallows; Bohemia was ruled by the gibbet; the heads of the forty-seven martyrs fell at Prague; the heads and limbs of innumerable victims blackened on gates and walls; the young, who escaped death, were condemned to wear red silk cords on their necks; women and children were slain; the peaceful classes were oppressed by military outrage and exaction: little wonder, then, if history has been loth to treat of times so utterly miserable. The truth is, however, that most of these episodes have been included in many works containing the modern annals of Germany, although, as M. Michiels says, new materials of great interest have recently been supplied from the archives of Vienna. Indeed, as illustrating the relations which have existed for ages between the Roman Catholic Church, the Jesuits especially, and the Hapsburgs, these revelations have a special value.

They are generally too minute, and often too ghastly, to be exemplified by extracts. Sometimes we are even disposed to question the good faith of Hornayr, as when he dilates on the sins of the Catholic Dean of Bounschod and the Jesuit pastors. But, as we have said, anything is credible when associated with the fame of the Imperial Ferdinand and his minions. As for the Emperor himself, Michiels affirms:—

“Though so cruel to others, Ferdinand was full of care for himself. He trembled at the appearance of the slightest danger. Though his whole reign was one continued war, he never learned how to wield a sword. Only once, during Rudolph's war with the Ottomans, could he be induced to appear among the Imperialists, then encamped beneath the walls of Kanischa, in Hungary. But so great was his emotion, that he decided, before setting out, on making his will and invoking the aid of God. The future emperor at length quitted Grätz with enormous splendour, and, when he drew near the camp, he noticed a dense dust raised by oxen and pigs, that were being driven in. Ferdinand believed it was a squadron of marauding spahis; he was attacked by panic terror, and his alarm affected the whole *corps d'armée* marching after him. All these brave men, taking to flight, galloped off at full speed, in spite of the efforts made by Count Trautmansdorf to encourage the prince, traversed Hungary and Styria, crossed the Mur, and only regained their

courage when safe on the other bank. This was Ferdinand's solitary campaign: from that time his courage was only displayed in the forests upon offensive beasts; like Falstaff stabbing the dead, the gloomy emperor killed timid animals, in order to persuade himself that he, too, had a hero's heart.”

The volume contains an elaborate account, almost a memoir, of Wallenstein. The picture of his magnificence has been very carefully prepared:—

“Wallenstein's immense riches, his profound reserve and theatrical manners, were the principal means he employed to exalt the imagination of the masses. He always appeared in public surrounded by extraordinary pomp, and allowed all those attached to his house to share in his luxury. His officers lived sumptuously at his table, where never less than one hundred dishes were served. As he rewarded with excessive liberality, not only the multitude but the greatest personages were dazzled by this Asiatic splendour. Six gates gave entrance to his palace at Prague, to make room for which he had pulled down one hundred houses. Similar châteaux were erected by his orders on all his numerous estates. Twenty-four chamberlains, sprung from the most noble families, disputed the honour of serving him, and some sent back the golden key, emblem of their grade, to the emperor, in order that they might wait on Wallenstein. He educated sixty pages, dressed in blue velvet and gold, to whom he gave the first masters; fifty Trabants guarded his ante-chamber night and day; six barons and the same number of chevaliers were constantly within call to bear his orders. His *maitre d'hôtel* was a person of distinction. A thousand persons usually formed his household, and above one thousand horses filled his stables, where they fed from marble mangers. When he set out on his travels, a hundred carriages, drawn by four or six horses, conveyed his servants and baggage; sixty carriages and fifty led horses carried the people of his suite; ten trumpeters with silver bugles preceded the procession. The richness of his liveries, the pomp of his equipages, and the decoration of his apartments, were in harmony with all the rest. In a hall of his palace at Prague he had himself painted in a triumphal car, with a wreath of laurels round his head, and a star above him. * * Wallenstein's appearance was enough in itself to inspire fear and respect. His tall, thin figure, his haughty attitude, the stern expression of his pale face, his wide forehead, that seemed formed to command, his black hair, close shorn and harsh, his little dark eyes, in which the flame of authority shone, his haughty and suspicious look, his thick moustaches and tufted beard, produced, at the first glance, a startling sensation. His usual dress consisted of a justaucorps of silk-skin, covered by a white doublet and cloak; round his neck he wore a Spanish ruff; in his hat fluttered a large red plume, while scarlet pantaloons and boots of Cordovan leather, carefully padded on account of the gout, completed his ordinary attire. While his army devoted itself to pleasure, the deepest silence reigned around the general. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs had clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the rooms like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved round his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chairs were also stretched across the streets, in order to guard him against any sound. Wallenstein was ever absorbed in himself, ever engaged with his plans and designs. He was never seen to smile, and his pride rendered him inaccessible to sensual pleasures. His only fanaticism was ambition. This strange chief meditated and acted incessantly, only taking counsel of himself, and disdaining strange advice and inspirations. When he gave any orders or explanations, he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp, the soldiers were obliged to pretend that they did not see him. Yet they suffered from an involuntary shudder when they saw him pass like a supernatural being. There

was something about him mysterious, solemn, and awe-inspiring. He walked along, surrounded by this magic influence, like a saddening halo. His troops firmly believed that he was in communion with the spirits of darkness, that the stars had no secrets from him, that the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs never reached his ear, that bullets, sabres, and lances could not wound him, for he possessed a talisman that rendered him Master of Fortune. They followed him as a personification of Fate. Though champion of Rome against the innovators, the gloomy captain only put faith in the dreams of the occult sciences. While a youth, he was accompanied on his travels by the mathematician and astronomer Verdungas, who taught him to read the stars. He also resided for some time at Padua, in order to learn from another professor. The rooms of his palace at Prague were covered with emblems of divination and allegorical figures. His ambition led him to the desire of penetrating the secrets of the future; the Italian astrologer, Seni, lived beneath his roof, and the visionary couple frequently passed the night in chimerical studies. Never did Wallenstein set out on a new enterprise till he had consulted the luminous Pythonesses of the firmament, for these dumb counsellors were to him Bible and Gospel. A peasant would not have behaved in a different way.”

In contrast with Wallenstein, and also with Ferdinand, is the portrait of the Emperor Leopold, who every morning heard three masses on his knees, who doffed his hat to a monk, who put off his dinner during a thunderstorm, and who was a sort of sceptred Quasimodo:—

“On his white and little gnome-like head weighed a vast peruke; he was very weak in the legs, and seemed to be always tottering. His stature below the middle height, the awkwardness of his gestures, and the stiffness of his manner, did not produce a favourable impression. His face was so projecting, his lower lip grew out so far beyond the upper, that his canine teeth were exposed: this conformation, peculiar to the Hapsburgs, though exaggerated in him, interfered with his speech, so that his language resembled a grunt. With this ill-shaped mouth he had the temerity to play the flute, which made him perfectly ridiculous. A black but very thin beard imperfectly covered his prodigious chin. He wrote so vilely that few secretaries could read his writing; and when he addressed an autograph letter to a crowned head, it was absolutely necessary to attach a copy to it.”

There is an interesting account of Leopold's illness, occasioned by poisoned candles, and of his cure by Francis Borri. Leopold, although a saint, was a believer in alchemy; and allowed his life to be saved by a quack, whom he afterwards gave up to be imprisoned for life by the Inquisition at Rome. As the narrative approaches later times, it moves, to some extent, over ground already traversed by Vohse and other writers. The character of Kaunitz, for example, is familiar to English readers. But in the whole of Michiels's composition there is a certain blending of originality and of illustrative detail, industriously put together, which render it an essentially readable book; while there is, besides, an abundance of anecdote, sketch, and historical variety.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. By the Rev. T. W. Webb. (Longman & Co.)—By “common” telescopes are meant achromatics of various lengths, up to 5 or 5½ feet, with apertures up to 3½ inches; or reflectors of somewhat larger diameter. The author gives instructions on the way of using the telescope, and picks out objects from the moon, the solar system, the stars, and the nebulae, giving instruction what to see, and how to see it. Nor is such instruction unnecessary. Many possess moderately good telescopes, who really do not know how to use them; or at most they are up to Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's ring, just as the young French scholar used to be satisfied, perforce, with

Télémaque and Bélisaire. To young observers, and to old observers who have never been young ones, this book must be a boon. There is none like it in the field: the larger works, such as Smyth's 'Celestial Cycle,' from which Mr. Webb's materials are collected, are not arranged for the beginner's purpose, and are out of reasonable compass. The details before us are evidently the work of a zealous astronomer, who knows both the heavens and what has been written about them.

Theory of Compound Interest and Annuities, with Logarithmic Tables. By Fedor Thoman. (Lockwood & Co.)—This is a peculiar book, the work apparently of a foreigner; but it is very good of its kind. The tables are not those to which an English actuary is accustomed; they are logarithmic, and they consist only of the logarithms of amounts of one pound, and of the annuity which one pound will purchase. The rates are from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 per cent., variously divided. The number of questions solved is unusually varied; and the author has the mathematics of his subject at his fingers' ends. Accordingly, though this cannot be the only book of an English practitioner, we recommend it to the notice of actuaries and accountants. It does professional men good to see works which leave their beaten paths.

On Thunder in Ethiopia.—[*Sur le Tonnerre en Ethiopie*.] By Antoine d'Abbadie. (Paris, Imprimerie Impériale.)—A work by M. d'Abbadie, containing an immense number of observations made on the spot, must be a valuable present to the student of comparative meteorology. But it does not furnish us with any materials for comment.

Experience of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. (New York.)—This company has lasted fifty years, has now eleven thousand policies, insuring thirty-two millions of dollars, and possesses assets of upwards of five millions. Its experience has been favourable, and decidedly confirms the assertions made elsewhere of the superior value of married over single life. Hear this, bachelors and spinsters all! get married; live and let live. The work is most beautifully got up by the printer, and very clearly elaborated by the writer, who signs himself Sheppard Homans, Actuary.

Letters from Alabama (U.S.), chiefly relating to Natural History. By Philip Henry Gosse. (Morgan & Chase.)—Mr. Gosse's books are always welcome to us when he writes on animals whose habits and structure he himself has observed. Marine zoology is his proper province, and there he may be taken as a safe and entertaining guide. One of his books has proved that out of that province he is no longer at home. His 'Omphalos: an Attempt to untie the Geological Knot,' has had no other effect than to show that a good naturalist in other departments may be a very indifferent geologist. His 'Law of Prochronism,' as maintained in 'Omphalos,' is a most unlawful theory. It scarcely lives a brief hour, and was decently interred in that sepulchre which ever yawns for crude theories. How a really clever naturalist could so theorize might have astonished those who do not know that a man seldom makes a sound geologist unless he is "to the manner," or rather to the hammer, "born." He may be minute in insects, great in crabs, and eminent in sea-anemones, and yet dull in petrifications. These letters contain entertaining and familiar observations by a naturalist spending seven or eight months in the hilly region of the State of Alabama, and they principally bear upon entomology. The texture is of the slightest, and the science is of the most popular order. Here and there are a few pleasing illustrations of insect instincts and habits. Some of these we might have been disposed to extract, had not the whole contents of the little volume appeared in a magazine, which we never before heard of, but which, if we remember aright, the sheeted walls of certain parts of London now kindly inform us may be procured for the small sum of one penny weekly. Those who have not expended their pence in compliance with the invitation of the industrious bill-stickers may lay them out to worse account than in the purchase of the present reproduction.

Proverbs of all Nations, Compared, Explained, and Illustrated. By Walter K. Kelly. (Kent & Co.)—The object held in view by Mr. Kelly has

been that to which Dean Trench pointed when he complained of English books on Proverbs:—"Either they include matter which cannot fitly be placed before all, or they address themselves to the scholar alone; or, if not so, are at any rate inaccessible to the mere English reader,—or they contain bare lists of proverbs, with no attempt to compare, illustrate, or explain them,—or, if they do seek to explain, they yet do it without attempting to sound the depths or measure the real significance of that which they attempt to unfold." Taking British proverbs, for the most part, as his basis, Mr. Kelly arranges them according to their import and affinity, grouping under each translations of their equivalents in foreign languages, the originals being generally appended in foot-notes. Thus, we distinguish, as it were, natural families of proverbs, the several members of which have their significance enhanced by the light they reflect on all. Mr. Kelly, moreover, has classified his very interesting collection, labelling it under a number of different heads,—and his volume, as a treasury of that which has been defined as "the wit of one and the wisdom of many," promises to be popular.

English's Folkestone and Sandgate Guide. With Illustrations and Maps. (Folkestone, English.)—"Good wine needs no bush," and a local guide needs little characterization. We know the book by heart, even as Mr. Mackie dissertates upon it—worthies, geology, railways, botany, hotels, Flora, picturesque points, and reasons for staying at the place as long as possible. Mr. Mackie deserves well of the Folkestone commonwealth.

Under Government: an Official Key to the Civil Service of the Crown, and Guide for Candidates seeking Appointments. By J. C. Parkinson. (Bell & Daldy.)—It may be taken for granted that many clear-headed English youths, of competent education, aspire to take a ticket in that lottery which distributes emoluments, in the Government service, of from 80l. to 2,000l. or 3,000l. sterling a year. For the edification of all such, Mr. Parkinson's little volume has been compiled, and we consider it the best of its class that has been issued.

A Handy Book for Rifle Volunteers. By Capt. W. G. Hartley. Illustrated with Plates and Diagrams. (Saunders & Otley.)—A very detailed, technical, and professional book on a popular subject. Capt. Hartley has evidently had large experience. He insists upon his own opinions, and furnishes instructions for a system of drill which—we are safe in saying—must be understood in order to be appreciated.

An Essay on Toleration.—[*Essai, &c.*] By Adolphe Schœffer. (Paris, Cherbuliez.)—In this treatise M. Schœffer endeavours to reconcile the principles of an established and permanent orthodoxy with the laws of liberty and toleration. His argument, erudite and ingenious, spreads over a large area, including many controverted doctrines. It differs in one sense from that of Laboulaye, Jules Simon, and Prévost Paradol; but it is written broadly and generously, and, although many zealous readers might find it impossible to accept the writer's point of view, none can dispute the integrity and force with which he pursues even that which may be regarded as no more than a series of plausibilities.

The English in India: Letters from Nagpore, written in 1857-58. By Captain Evans Bell, Second Madras European Light Infantry. (Chapman.)—These letters originally appeared in the *Leader* and *Daily News*, and having been already before the public, and generally read and discussed, cannot of course obtain or require an extended notice in these columns. Their intrinsic merit is, however, so great, that we will not pass them by without recommending them to the attention of all who have not perused them, and to the re-perusal and study of those who have. They contain the soundest views on the most important subjects connected with our Indian Government, and are written in a clear, forcible, and pleasing style. The author is, in military matters, a disciple of the Jacob school. He is for irregular corps, with three officers to each; for the general reduction of the army to the number India can financially bear. To compensate for this reduction he is for governing, not for garrisoning India; for

attaching, encouraging, and trusting the natives, and especially the higher classes, so long systematically crushed and plundered by the English. He is for restoring the provinces impolitely and iniquitously annexed by Lord Dalhousie; for sweeping off the whole brood of red-tape civilians. Writing from Nagpore, one of the most important cities in Central India, he writes with authority, for he could see many of his theories practically tested; for example, the value of the support of the native princes, evidenced by the loyalty of the Banka Bâ and the Nizam, who saved Southern India for us, and the hatred caused by the resumptions, confiscations and annexations of Lord Dalhousie and his followers, demonstrated by the determined and general revolt in the Jhansi districts. We repeat, that this little volume deserves to be studied by all who take an interest in the welfare of India; and we believe that it will have more than an ephemeral existence, and survive the autumn, which has strewed already most of the leaves that grew out of the Revolt.

The Lazar-House of Leros: a Tale of the Eastern Church in the Seventeenth Century. Historical Tales, No. VI. (Parker.)—Though we have no undoubted authority for saying that "brevity is the soul of wit," yet wit is not necessarily comprehended in brevity, or this tale would be witty beyond expression; for it gives an account of the persecution, banishments, and murder of Cyril Lucar, patriarch of Constantinople; of the Lazar-House in the Levant, and of the Basilian nuns, who devoted themselves for life to attend upon the sufferers; and all in the space which would be demanded by each subject for its due treatment: so that the little volume, though carefully written, has a certain disjointed and unsatisfactory treatment, which was not observed in its predecessors.

A Wife's Home Duties: containing Practical Hints to Inexperienced Housekeepers. (Bell & Daldy.)—"A Wife's Home Duties" what an array of apparently trivial matters present themselves to our mental vision at the mention of the subject:—a subject which is seldom fairly considered by the modern belle. We are not going to suggest a Middle Class Examination of all Candidates for the Home Office; we are too polite to the sex to insist on their knowing anything about the value of such unromantic things as beef and mutton, soap and candles, and we are too courteous even to affirm that a well-cooked dinner ranks almost as high as an embroidered smoking cap or Verdi's favourite air. The present little work may be useful to Misses fresh from school, who are about to form matrimonial ties, but to those who have been trained by a good mother, in a well-ordered home, these hints will surely be superfluous.

Irene; or, Sketches of Character. (Saunders & Otley.)—These 'Sketches' are of the purest water, as jewellers say of their diamonds. The colours sink into the canvas so deeply as to become indistinct. Nor is this the only peculiarity here. The diction is perplexing, and decidedly at variance with the rules of Lindley Murray.

"My Name is Norval." Travestied by F. R. S. (Carter.)—We were puzzled to account for the publication of this trifle until the repetition of a name in no fewer than thirteen places suggested to us the possibility of its owner being related to Captain Cuttle, and of his having inherited from that personage a desire of taking an observation of a particular patronymic. We cannot compliment the author on having produced a travestie of "Norval," but we candidly acknowledge that he has succeeded in producing one of "Carter."

The following pamphlets on Parliamentary and other subjects lie before us:—Parts I, II, and III. of *An Address to the Landed Gentry of England on the Land Bills before Parliament* (Smith).—*The Marquis of Normanby's Speech on Italian Affairs* (Ridgway).—*Observations on the Negotiations respecting the Affairs of Italy*, by a M.P. (Ridgway).—*Europe's Woe and England's Duty*, by Eusebes Clio (Wilson).—*Parliamentary Reform, Should the Colonies be Represented?* by T. C. M. Meekins (Butterworth).—*Immigration to the British West Indies. Is it the Slave-Trade revived or not?* by the Rev. W. G. Barrett (Bennett), and a *Letter to Americans in Europe*, by a Countryman (Smith).

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LEIGH HUNT.

The announcement that Leigh Hunt is dead will cast a gloom over many a heart, "in which his genius had made sunshine." There was such a happy cheerfulness in all his writings,—the brightness of his spirit shone so clearly in every line he penned, that those who knew him only by his books will feel pain in trying to realize the sadness of death in association with a library companion—a fireside friend—whose genial fancy made the driest disquisition pleasant, and who was always so ready to sympathize with human joy. His name, even met by chance in a newspaper, recalled pleasant readings; and the notices of his death will be the first purely sad thoughts to which his name has been prefixed. Not that Leigh Hunt avoided the painful topics of life, but that he had the power of taking away even the bitterness of tears. We remember, as an instance, one passage in his essay 'On the Deaths of Little Children.' We cannot recall the exact words,—but the meaning was, that those who lose one of their children at an early age are never, as it were, without an infant child. Their other children grow up into womanhood or manhood, and one loses the memory of their younger days; but of this one it is said, "Death has arrested it with its kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." The thought is as true as it is bright and touching.

As a prose writer, Leigh Hunt is more known to modern readers by his purely literary essays than by the political writings which flowed from his pen in the vigour of early manhood. This is scarcely just to his powers. Many who have known him as the gentle man and thoughtful essayist have wondered to think that he should have had aggressive energy enough to attack the Regent in the day of his power; and they have made the memory of the Prince blacker than it is by regarding him as the oppressor of a mild and unprovoked poet. They forget that Leigh Hunt wielded one of the most vigorous lances in the forlorn hope of Liberals, who long before "Reform" was popular, fought against the civil and religious bigotry of the time. His articles in the *Examiner* denouncing the Prince Regent were as bitterly hostile as any that came from the pen of Junius. Assuredly Leigh Hunt showed no weak shrinking when his hand laid on the lash, and it is in no way surprising that the Government were provoked into retaliation. It is said in "compiled" biographies of Leigh Hunt that he was imprisoned for two years for calling the Regent "an Adonis of fifty"; but the cause of offence was much more serious. The article for which Leigh Hunt was indicted appeared in the *Examiner* of March 22, 1812. It opened thus:—

"The Prince Regent is still in everybody's mouth; and unless he is as insensible to biting as to bantering, a delicious time he has of it in that remorseless ubiquity. If a person takes in a newspaper, the first thing he does when he looks at it, is to give the old groan and say, 'Well, what of the Prince Regent now?' If he goes out after breakfast, the first friend he meets is sure to begin talking about the Prince Regent, and the two always separate with a shrug. He who is lounging along the street will take your arm and turn back with you to expatiate on the Prince Regent; and he in a hurry, who is skimming the other side of the way, halloo, as he goes, 'Fine things these, of the Prince Regent!' You can scarcely pass by two people walking together, but you shall hear the words, 'Prince Regent'—'if the Prince Regent has done that he must be —,' or such as 'The Prince Regent and Lord Yarr—', the rest escapes in the distance. At dinner the Prince Regent quite eclipses the goose or the calf's-head; the tea-table, of course, rings of the Prince Regent; if the company go to the theatre to see 'The Hypocrite,' or the new farce of 'Turn Out,' they cannot help thinking of the Prince Regent; and, as Dean Swift extracted philosophical meditation from a broomstick, so it would not be surmised if any serious person, in going to bed, should find in his very nightcap something to remind him of the merits of the Prince Regent. In short, there is no other subject but one that can at

all pretend to a place in the attention of our countrymen, and that is their old topic the weather; their whole sympathies are at present divided between the Prince Regent and the barometer."

The stinging power of this tirade is unquestionable. Junius gives a greater sense of vigorous attack, but this paints the scandal of the Regent's life as a poet would paint it; you think not of the writer's opinion, but of the involuntary contempt and aversion of Englishmen of every class. There is something of the poet in the way he brings before you so vividly the life in the public streets until you realize how the Regent is the talk of the whole town. The groan of the man taking up his newspaper; the shrug of the two separating friends; "He who is lounging along the street will take your arm and turn back with you to expatiate on the Prince Regent; and he in a hurry who is skimming the other side of the way halloo, out, as he goes," &c., &c.; how all this stamps into the mind the main fact of the article—that the Regent and his doings were a public shame!

The article then notices a dinner of the St. Patrick's Society where the Regent's name was received with hisses, and it replies to some attacks of the *Morning Post* on the Society. It points out that in the very same number of the *Post* there appear some wretched commonplace lines, addressing the Regent as "Glory of the People," "Protector of the Arts," and adding, amongst other fulsome eulogies, "Wherever you appear you conquer all hearts, wipe away tears, excite desire and love, and win beauty towards you." Leigh Hunt thus comments on these and on other expressions:—

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine in reading these astounding eulogies that this 'Glory of the People' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! that this 'Protector of the Arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this 'Mecenas of the Age' patronized not a single deserving writer!—that this 'Breath of Eloquence' could not say a few decent extempore words—if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal!—that this 'Conqueror of hearts' was the disappointment of hopes—that this 'Exciter of desire' [bravo! Messieurs of the *Post*]—this *Adonis in loveliness* was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, that this delightful, blissful, vice, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity!"

This is no ordinary newspaper invective. They are "words that burn," because Hunt believed them to be true. They are very different in character from what any denunciation of a man in power would be to-day. To defy the Regent's power was, as Hunt well knew, to brave perils of which the present generation of writers have little or no experience. Not alone was Opposition dangerous in those palmy days of Toryism, it was in the main unpopular; for the great war against Bonaparte carried with it nearly all English hearts, and victory after victory in Spain made the nation forget the loss of real liberty at home.

Of the energy of Leigh Hunt's attack there can be no doubt. Quite apart from the vices of the Prince Regent (and of these there is little question now), it seems to our mind a masterpiece of invective. In fact, the Regent was unfairly matched in the contest. Hunt brought wit and genius to back his political opinions—the Regent had on his side only a prison, which brought round the incarcerated wit new friends, and the glory of a martyrdom endured with cheerful constancy. Almost half a century has passed since Hunt wrote this article—since the Regent reigned. What a change from the bold "Roman hand" of the writing we have quoted to the thoughtful, considerate essays which came in later years from the same pen! What a change from the Court of Carlton House to the Court of Victoria!

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Leigh Hunt's essays on general and literary topics were too many and too various to be all good. In his Autobiography he confesses to the emotions—sometimes keenly painful—of composition, and it may be said that on many subjects he felt too deeply to be perfect master of the best modes of expression. In many of his writings the sentiment is too much for the style. Just as emotion weakens the voice, the expression becomes involved and the sentences lag, because behind the words is the consciousness of a thought still unexpressed—still as it were glowing in the author's mind, but not yet cooled enough to come out cast in a solid figure. This is more especially the case with Leigh Hunt's favourite subjects—country walks, flowers, and old poetry: the colouring overruns the outline. But through all his prose writings there is the sunshine of a very happy spirit and the grace of a genuine scholarship: he could brush the dew off a spring flower and turn over the leaves of an old rare book with the same loving and knowing touch. He is not in his prose writings so much a part and parcel of English literature as his more ardent admirers might desire; but though not embodied among the rare good books of modern English prose (a small collection) he has given a prevailing flavour to the current literature of the day.

It is not easy to assign the rank of Leigh Hunt as a poet. He is associated with Keats and Shelley among the poets of intense human feeling. He has not Shelley's magnificent command of words; but he has not his fault of soaring high above common sympathy. He has much of Keats's tenderness; but he has not the straying discursiveness which makes all Keats wrote (save perhaps 'Hyperion') like a fine garden half-smothered in rich wild grass. Hunt's great fault is the excessive effort to express very nice distinctions of feeling, and he—the least sensual of men and of poets—seems forced to be sensuous in imagery that he may express shades of meaning with more impressiveness. Some of his shorter poems are quite free from any error of the kind; and those devoted to the home affections are models of natural and manly simplicity. His poetry, as a whole, is but little quoted; it has few passages fit to pass into familiar use by writers wanting a compact phrase or verse to add emphasis or illustration to their own thoughts. But his poems—especially his 'Story of Rimini' and his Italian translations—are read by many poets themselves, who insensibly borrow the rich Southern perfume of his verse and take a lesson from its power of suggesting a whole picture by strong light thrown on one or two points.

As a critic, Leigh Hunt has, we think, his most solid claim to a place in our standard English literature. Even his ephemeral notices of plays and players in the *News* (a journal which preceded the *Examiner*) were stamped with the fairness and freedom which marked his critical writings throughout his life. But, independently of the honesty of his nature, he possessed every requisite for superior criticism. He was a man of various reading, a good scholar, was catholic in taste, and widely sympathetic in feeling. The purely literary essays—the 'Indicator' and its companion publications—and the volumes, 'Wit and Humour' and 'Imagination and Fancy' are fine, almost faultless, specimens of genial criticism.

The distinct peculiarity of Leigh Hunt, however, seems to us that he has left on our literature and on our minds an impress greater than any of his single works—or than his collected works—will seem to justify. The truth is, that to those who know the man nothing that he ever wrote seemed equal to himself. He seemed always to have reserved something better than anything he had spoken or written. This was, in fact, only the influence of his character, expressing itself without effort on his part on the minds of all who came near him. Even those who only knew him by his writings seemed able to read "between the lines" the noble spirit superior to the words. His whole life, known only in its more prominent actions, or in its minor details, was up to a very high standard. "He did nothing low or mean." He was a poet and a man of genius, and yet no plodding bookseller's

hack ever possessed more patience in collecting materials. He thought no toil too great in hunting out small facts that he might do his literary tasks with conscientious workmanship; a few pages of his antiquarian works (such as 'The Town; or, the Old Court Suburb') represented weeks of the most diligent drudgery in searches over parish registers and local records. As he advanced in life, from youth to middle age, he was a living refutation of the worldly maxims which attribute generosity to youth, and harder virtues to maturity and old age. In literature, as in daily life, as he grew older he became kindly and considerate to a fault. When he had passed fifty, he no more could have written the philippic against the Regent than he could have fought a duel. The indignation against wrong-doing would be as warm, the courage to face a prison would be as high, but to the "pith and moment" of the young journalist would be added the "pale cast of thought" of the man who had known suffering both physical and mental, and who could not, without some compunction, deliver his "swashing blow," as in the days of youth. This tenderness and delicacy were no signs of intellectual decay; they were the evidence of growth in one who was no mere literary partisan, but a man, sharing human sympathies and not able to carry into discussion the intensity of hot youth seeing no right save on its own side. We think there is something like a poem in this twofold life of Leigh Hunt—known to one generation as the fearless martyr to truth, to the other as a tender poet, an essayist touching nothing that he did not brighten.

In private intercourse Leigh Hunt was at first timid and reserved, almost to shyness—not from any mental awkwardness, but because of later years he never had robust health. Meeting strangers was always a kind of trial to him, though always ready to receive any with any claim on his attention. His conversation, at first broken and tentative, required but the full consciousness of sympathetic auditors and interlocutors to swell into as pleasant a stream of talk as ever.

worked out its way to the light
Thro' the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Not that Leigh Hunt was witty nor in any absolute sense humorous, but that when animated he said everything happily, and could give a quaint curious turn to the most commonplace conversation. There never was a man who more needed loving hands and voices around him; and it is a happiness to think that he never wanted them. It was joyous to see how, when sitting silent and depressed,—for physical delicacy affected his spirits,—he would brighten up at the pressure of a friendly hand, would answer readily to a cheery voice, and would share in any talk—the chit-chat of the day, the nonsense of the hour—with a zest which showed that his heart beat strongest in response to human love. We often thought that Leigh Hunt was more fitted for the old days of the patron than the modern times of the publisher. When a book was a great event,—when the writer was a man personally sought out and cherished for what he wrote,—Leigh Hunt would have been the personal darling of the few, whose love would have been brought home to him,—he would have "heard" reviews instead of reading them,—he would have received affectionate homage instead of publishers' cheques. It is pleasant to record that to a great extent the latter days of his life were saved from any serious pecuniary trouble by the pension of 200*l.* a year, granted by the Queen at the instance of Lord John Russell in 1847. Up to the last he took an interest in the literature and news of the day, and within the last few weeks he contributed some remarks on Shelley to the *Spectator*. He was passionately fond of music. Almost his last words were in applause of an Italian song sung by his daughter in the next room, and at the final moment he passed away without pain.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS has within the last month or two displayed so much activity, and has committed such devastation, that it has become one of the standing topics of conversation and anxiety in Naples. Prof.

Palmieri, the Director of the Observatory on the mountain, makes the following report:—

"On the 4th of May I sent you my last statement regarding the protracted eruption of Vesuvius. From that time the lava has continued to flow almost in the same manner, has preserved the same character, and proceeded in the same direction. In proportion to the time, however, that it has been running it has made but slight advances, and that for two reasons—first, because it has fallen into a deep valley called 'Rio di Quaglia'; and, secondly, because the new lava has constantly risen over the older and hardened lava, thus forming a high mountain where before there was a very deep valley called 'Fosso Grande,' of which not the slightest trace remains. The continued elevation of the lava by successive superimpositions above the level of the Fosso Grande has occasioned frequent overflows, on one side towards the road, and on the other over the cultivated lands in the direction of the 'Tironi.' The lava always flows out in a secret manner, and proceeds by some subterranean chambers after the manner of an aqueduct, which have been formed by itself,—and when it is in a large mass it often breaks in some directions the walls of the passage, and bursts forth an unexpected and unusual river of fire in a spot where it has not been seen for a long time. It happens, too, that when the body of lava diminishes a hole remains open, through which a river of fire may be seen running through the passage, and sending forth smoke and sublimations,—so that from a distance the aperture has the appearance of being a simple smoke-hole. In general this lava has a tendency to show itself towards the end of its course, and always better when there is a more rapid descent. On the evening of the 3rd of August the streams of lava towards the extremity of the current appeared to be almost spent; but on the following evening the stream appeared at a little distance from its source, in a site where it has not been visible for a year, and all supposed that another mouth had been opened here. This new branch of lava followed the direction of the 'scorie' of 1819, and moderated the impetus and the vivacity of those on the Rio di Quaglia and the Tironi. The character of this lava, which appeared on the 4th of August, is somewhat different from that of the other streams, even in colour. If the eruption is not finished, as it appeared to be, it is in a certain phase of declination, from which it may again increase considerably. In the month of June the seismograph signalled four shocks of earthquake, the last of which was on the 29th of the month, and was very strong; but from that day up to the 10th of August no other has been marked. The apparatus of variation of Lamont has presented by its inclination the fact noted by me on other occasions, of remarkable perturbations by which the scale of the instrument has got beyond the field of the tube, and after some time has returned. The water of the wells in the month of May was greatly diminished,—so that on drawing a line from the summit of the mountain to the belfry of the Church of Our Lady at Pugliano, it was found that the wells towards the east of this line had sensibly decreased in the quantity of water, whilst those on the west were unchanged. The smoke of the lava, which is not very abundant, has occasioned no injury to vegetation, as it is chloridic acid, and not sulphuric acid; but this is not the case with the two smoking mouths at the summit of the mountain, the exhalations from which, especially if mingled with rain, have produced considerable damage,—indeed, in the direction of the Observatory they destroyed even the ferns. The mass of lava which has issued from the lateral mouth at the foot of the cone, under the enormous congeries which conceals it, with much probability be estimated at about 36,000,000 of cubic metres, in a superficies of about two square miles. The altered form of the ground by the enormous masses of hardened lava which have filled up valleys, elevated mountains, and created new 'burroni' trenches, exposes many estates to great danger from future inundations of fire, but, in my opinion, to no danger from the water, as the 'scorie' has a marvellous property of absorbing and retaining rain-water. Before 1855 I saw an impetuous torrent formed

by the rains pass just behind the Observatory, by the Fosso della Vetramia, and then fall into another called the Farnase, finally running into a channel which had been formed of mason work. After the lava, however, had filled up those great *burroni* (valleys), not one drop of water was seen to run down on Massa and S. Sebastiano. Vesuvius has often presented the phenomenon of long periods of small eruptions through mouths near the summit of the cone, but the continued flowing of lava for fifteen months through an opening at the base of the cone is a fact perfectly new, as is also new and singular the mode in which the lava bursts out, and flows secretly for upwards of a mile at times, not betraying the source from which it comes even by its smoke. When, however, it is remembered that such an opening near the base of the cone is in direct communication with the lower part of the central axis of the same,—that is, with the regular chimney of the volcano,—the fact will appear new, perhaps, but very natural, and then it will awaken no surprise to see lava coming out without a smoking aperture, because the great cone of Vesuvius at this conjunction gives out smoke at the top and lava at the base. I have explained my reasons for believing that the lava now issuing is in direct communication with the central axis of the cone in the 'Annali dell' Osservatorio.' After this I am in no degree surprised at the long duration of the eruption, and only hope that some incident may quickly arise calculated to check it, though it is very possible that it may last some time longer. Should it cease, we may be able to make some path to the Observatory, which is visited by strangers, as well as by myself, with great difficulty, being compelled to scramble over hard, rugged hillocks of lava. The scientific investigations which I have been able to make with regard to this eruption I have given to the public in the same number of the 'Annali dell' Osservatorio.' and here I wish only to remark the great abundance of lead I have found in the largest number of sublimations gathered in the smoke-holes of the lava, though the chlorure of lead alone and crystallized has been very rare. Lead was never observed in the lava by those who before me had examined the matter which was collected in the smoke-holes. I found it for the first time in an aperture of the lava in 1855, in the state of chlorure, but in this eruption it forms a part of the greater number of the sublimations, and is almost always mixed with other matter, which is generally chlorure and sulphate. LUIGI PALMIERI."

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Kewick, August, 1859.

I have often wondered why the Lake poets have been so silent about that lake which rejoices in the Scandinavian name of Thirlmere. It is certainly lone and long, lying like an ichthyosaurus among the crags, with sunshine only occasionally playing over its surface. Storms and volcanoes have had their own wild way here, tumbling down bastions of porphyry on the western side, or pushing up pillar-like peaks where the eagle used to build his nest out of the light, or from which he set sail with a desolate cry into the sunset. It is just the sort of spot we might expect a water-spout to choose for emptying itself, as a traveller who stays at the cosy little inn may employ himself with reflecting, if his thoughts do not tend to the grassy little churchyard opposite, with the shadows of the six or seven pines wavering in through the window, and casting a transitory gloom on the half-filled glasses usually garnishing the inn table. "The Nag's Head," or as we regret to find it is now ungrammatically called, "The Horse Head," at Wytburn, is a warm and hospitable little inn, as all huntsmen and anglers know; yet there is a funereal character about it. When last there I meditated upon a row of tin receptacles for candles, the design of which appeared to have been taken from coffin-plates, and in the intervals of wind and rain, which dashed against the window mournfully, I endeavoured to cheer myself by looking steadily at the little church-door, studded with nails, "that is so rusty right across the way." When the storm was over I went on, thinking of philanthropic Ben-

jamin the waggoner, as in his remorse of whiskey he flagellated his horses up the neighbouring hill. The ascent on the Westmoreland side was formerly the scene of a melancholy occurrence, as appears from a curious inscription on a slab of slate by the roadside. Either from an original apoplectic tendency, or from the result of ease accelerated by too much good food, and retarded by too slow driving, it is impossible to say,—but no sooner was the acclivity of the hill reached than the faithful carriage-horse of William Ball, Esq., fell down and never rose again. His master, who belongs to the Society of Friends, and composes verses in a very pretty ivied cottage, immediately below Rydal Mount, had the trusty animal buried, and went to the expense of commemorating the event in a quatraine carved in stone on the roadside. It is as follows:—

Fallen from his fellow's side,
The steed beneath is lying,
In harness here he died,
His only fault was dying.

—A fault we are all of us liable to, as a poetical friend of ours remarked. On the Cumberland side, close by the lake, is another stone, not nearly so well known as the aforesaid inscription, though it may have an interest for some few people. The country people call it the Black Crag, and an old man of seventy, who lives at the Nag's Head, told me he remembered cutting his name on it in his school days. I had heard of certain initials I wished to find, if these were still there,—and when I had rubbed a play-bill off the stone, as the rain enabled me to do, I found—W. W., D. W., J. W., M. H., S. T. C., indicative to me of Wordsworth, and his sister, and brother, his sister-in-law, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. There are few traditions to be found among the vales and hills, save only of ghosts or of haunted houses, or of shepherds that have been storm-stricken. On the western side of the Fell is a house that has been haunted by strange mists from the lake, or mysterious figures of moonlight,—and as the gusts howl and moan in the clefts practical people find no difficulty in attributing to them, or to their congeners, the owls, all the agony supposed to be undergone by unhappy spirits. There are even people unideal enough, who, in reply to Wordsworth's question, how the faithful dog, who watched for three weeks over poor Gough, could have been supported, make answer—very easily, though disagreeably; but these, of course, are your literal people, to whom "a primrose by a river's brim" is simply nothing more than "a yellow primrose,"—fawning slaves, in fact, who commit all kinds of unpoetical acts, and perhaps systematically practise, and even defend the practice of botany over the graves of their relations or their neighbours. The only refuge which a poet has is to make friends with the clouds and the shadows, with the sportive little rills that leap guilelessly from rock to rock, and may perhaps thoroughly splash you, if you come too near them, but are not in the habit of saying unkind words. We like the feeling which Burns had for the "wee timorous beastie," when he bids it

Na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle;

—and, without desiring to confabulate with mammalia or rodentia, can thoroughly indorse what he afterwards expresses:—

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
An' fellow mortal.

There is opportunity enough for a follower of Kirby or Spence on these fells,—for there are grasshoppers "catching their hearts up" at the touch of sunshine, and gorgeous butterflies sailing magnificently over the ferns, and plump moor-game whirling away at every stride we take in the heather. How delicious the colour, rivalling even that of Venice! As we cross the rude wooden bridge dividing Thirlmere Lake, and climb the pebbly path which the water has raked in Arncliffe Fell, the vast bulk of Helvellyn comes out grandly, spreading away, with his seven or eight dodds, from Wytburn as far as St. John's Vale. Dividing the vales of Legberthwaite and St. John, we have the oak woods, lustrous with sun-

light, upon Eagle Crag; an arm of Saddleback fills up the view to the north-west; and behind us rise up in the distance the pillar in Ennerdale, then Great Gable and Great End, and "the camp-like tent of hills" that are curtained with nests and clouds in the west. The vale of Seawate lies in a haze of silver, through which we track a dim line marking the waterfall over the Sty Head, upon which we hope that a picturesque-loving friend of ours will soon construct, as he talks of doing, a rustic bridge. All tourists ought to thank him for the protection he has given to the well on Great Gable, which is fed by the snow and dews,—and through half the year is only seen by heaven alone. Winding among slate crags and heather tracts,—and now and then shoe-deep in snuff-coloured pools of water, we step north-westward to Keswick. There is a sheepfold which we should like an artist to paint,—its base all green with tufts of parsley fern; its centre carpeted with soft turf, and its walls blotched with grey and golden lichens. At a turn of the crag we come suddenly upon the finest view in the Lake District.

At our feet, among boulders feathered with mountain ash, runs the Derwent winding round a fir-clad hill which the Roman eagle once held, and from which the sentinel looked out for the signal from the green mound of Caermot. Derwentwater, the beautiful, with its wooded promontories and islands, shimmers away in the soft evening light,—with Bassenthwaite lake and the woods of Wythop spreading beyond—suggesting a memory of the Dead Sea, the vale of the Jordan, and the Lake of Galilee. At the head of the mere frowns Skiddaw the black—with Latrigg its cub; and on the western side Cat Bells, down whose fairy slopes and "smooth enamelled green" we can well believe that a troop of fairies dance. We can hear how "the water comes down at Lodore," among the larches and birch-trees, and amid scents of meadow saffron and woodruff. Thinking of Coleridge and Southey, and of Shelley, *et al.* 17, chasing his wife, *et al.* 15, in the garden at Portinscale, we wander in green meadows listening to pleasantly sounding streams until we reach a friendly house that looks upon Derwentwater. When we have talked of poets dead and gone, and idyllic poets living, we go to bed, drawing up our window-blind to let in the moonlight shining down on the lake, and irradiating the gloom of Wallow Crag. T. B.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Leghorn, August 21.

If the fairy Maimoun, or any other of those locomotive spirits of the Arabian tales who delighted our childhood, by transporting our favourite heroes and heroines from Cairo to Damascus, or from the capital of India (whatever that may be) to Samarcand through the air, in the space of an hour, had taken it into her fairyship's head last night to make an excursion along the Mediterranean shore from Naples to Leghorn inclusive, she would have been as great a contrast in the mood of mind and outward bearing of the two Italian cities, as between the lonely Jinn-haunted tomb where she took up her *protégé* (say Bedreddin of the cream tarts, for example) at Cairo, and the brilliant marriage festival amid which she set him down at Damascus. Sullen and louring in the transparent starlight sits the beautiful Parthenope, by the waters of her unrivalled bay; she, like her own Vesuvius, seething to the brim with internal fires. But the mountain has found terrible vent for the desolating mischief in lava streams and ashes, while the city yet groans, throbs, and trembles, convulsively inarticulate, under the pressure of the red right hand of tyranny. Hence daily arrests and nightly declarations of a state of siege. Hence crime and misery, and shame unspeakable, to all true hearts. Fatuity on the throne and falsehood in the council. Spies in the household, and cannon in the streets. Mistrust, and terror, and hatred, and treachery everywhere. O, most beautiful Parthenope! the locomotive fairy would soon have fled away shuddering from the tramp of the armed patrol, and the stealthy whisper of the midnight spy—tutelary deities of your ill-fated loveliness; and passing by Gaëta of the orange groves, the refuge of ancient despots and chief fondry

of new despotisms, passing Tiber's mouth, clogged with foul vapours of Papal anathema, she would gladly have hurried into this humble Tuscan port, in its birth-night ball-dress of banners and illuminations.

This is the second night within a week that has seen the illumination-lamps alight here. The first was on Tuesday, the 16th, when the Assembly, now prorogued, had just unanimously voted the total incompatibility of the Austro-Lorenese Dynasty to hold sway in Tuscany. That was a great day in the Hall of the Five Hundred, when the President made known the result of the secret vote of the Assembly, and, after examining the balls dropped into the urns, pronounced, without preamble, the words "They are all black." For be it known that in Florence alone, in all Europe, the black ball is the sign of assent to, and the white ball that of dissent from, a measure; and this peculiarity dates from old republican days, on some occasion when the victorious Neri or black party returned triumphant from banishment to power. So in Florence to black-ball a friend is, strange to say, the highest compliment one can pay him.

The shouts of applause from the eager crowd filling the lower half of the immense hall on that day,—a crowd in which *crème de la crème*, *bourgeoisie* and *people* were jumbled together in right Tuscan fashion, had hardly ceased to echo in the ears that heard them, when on the 20th of August the Assembly met again, to give its vote on the union of Tuscany with Piedmont, which had been proposed at the close of the former sitting by Prince Ferdinand Strozzi. Again, between two and three thousand anxious faces thronged the hall below the railing, more anxious far this time, because the result was less certain. One might almost have fancied, in the pause of expectation before the vote was declared, that the great tricoloured banners drooping from the walls "waved without a blast," like those under which William Deloraine passed down the aisles of Melrose Abbey. But again the President announced that, by the unanimous vote of the members present, 163 in number, the all-important measure was assured. The entire number of the members of the Tuscan Chambers is 172. Four were absent on Diplomatic missions; one on account of illness. Of the four remaining members, one was Signor Montanelli; the well-known Tuscan minister of 1848, who was in favour of the *accession of Prince Napoleon*, and Signor Mazzoni and two others, whose names I forget, held for the Republican form of Government; but these four gentlemen, finding themselves in so important a minority, had agreed to stay away from the sitting.

The tempest of fervent *Vivas* that burst out when the vote was made known, this time fairly hurried the grave dignity of "the House" along with it; and the Assembly cheered as lustily as the visitors, unchecked by the President's bell, which had been in great request at the Tuesday's sitting; and the circles of enthusiastic feeling, eddying out through the City, soon reached the neighbouring towns, and before evening set the Leghorn bands and banners stirring. Even the poorest neighbourhood, as soon as dusk set in, had its patriotic four candle-ends in each squalid window; and in a suburb inhabited almost exclusively by poor fishermen and *faccini* an open-air shrine of the Madonna was brilliantly, aye, and tastefully, dressed out with lamps and flowers, in sign of gratitude "for the great mercy that day vouchsafed by her." The Piazza Grande and the adjacent streets were of course the most richly and gaily illuminated of the whole town, the *ci-devant* royal residence queerly enough taking the lion's share in the display; and for hours after midnight, with bands playing Garibaldi's hymn, and crowds madly chorusing its burden of "*Va fuori d'Italia*," and shouts of "*Viva Vittorio Emanuele, nostro re!*" (Long live Victor Emmanuel our King!) which flew on the night wind far beyond the distant *porta a mare*, the Livornese citizens worthily made a night of it, though not assuredly in the usual *groggy* acceptance of the phrase.

Pisa, Lucca, Siena, and Pistoja, and a number of other towns and townlets did the like, but the Capital was less expansive in its demonstrations, and feeling that the success obtained was, of

the people, popular, disdained to light up lamps in its own honour; and though the joy of the citizens was general, deep, and unmistakable; though the streets were thronged with holiday dresses, and everything bore an *air de fête*, yet the Florentines indulged in no thundering Garibaldi hymns; for had not the great General himself been among them five days before? and had not they fairly lifted him off his legs, in the Piazza della Signoria, and carried him without ever letting him touch ground,—his manly voice choked, and his deep-set eyes full of tears of sympathetic emotion,—right up the great staircase into the council-hall? National Hymn-singing was very well in its way, but it was too frothy an expansion when better things were to be wrought. They had done their duty by themselves, their children, and Italy, and they knew it, and showed it, with a tranquil *insouciance* which sat not ungracefully on the descendants of old Guelphs and Ghibellines, who seemed to say, with a pleasant smile and wave of the hand, "*connu!*" "We took out our diploma in these matters a good round number of centuries ago, and they come quite easy and natural to us." So in Florence, there was much walking, smiling, congratulating, talking, and rejoicing; but very little singing, and no shouting. Here and there, at most, in the course of the evening, a single voice might be heard quavering away with hearty goodwill the Florentine *gamin's* last favourite stave on the fortunes of the dethroned "Babbo."

There! let him go;
A German scamp he is;
For ne'er in Pitti Palace
Shall he more show his phiz!

A deputation, headed by Prince Ferdinand Strozzi, is to set out immediately for Turin, to offer Tuscany to the King's acceptance. His reply, we trust, will give a little clearer insight into the dark corners of diplomacy, now double-locked and barred up at Zurich. Prince Joseph Poniatowski's semi-official mission to Florence seems to promise no better success to our runaway Lords than that of M. Reiset, and the dictum of Baron de Rechberg that, "with a little time and patience, Tuscany will gladly receive back her *lawful* rulers," is met on the part of the humbler classes (*gente minuto*, minute or microscopic people, as the Codini love to call them), with a contemptuous ejaculation of "*si, eh?*"—"they will, will they?"—drawled out for half a minute; and then, sharp and short, "*d'ci vengano pure un poco po' erini!*"—"Let 'em try it on a bit, poor dears!"

As I came out of the Palazzo Vecchio, after the vote of decadence on Tuesday last, I heard a young artisan, heated and grimy with long waiting for the news, remark to a companion on the palace steps, "Why don't they sing Te Deum for this now?" And a hackney coachman, eagerly bending down from his box as I passed, inquired of me anxiously whether "for no' he gone as it should do, up yonder?" Small indications these, it is true, of great matters. But, O Herr Baron de Rechberg! O ye wearers of ever-so-many stars and *cordons*! ye sitters at royal and ministerial banquets! for you such little facts should be as the fiery writing on the wall. Why, in your cast of the popular drama, will you persist in leaving out the principal performer's part "by particular desire" of those who hope to profit by the omission? If you will but suffer sunny little Tuscany to give herself away, as her heart desires, to the gallant Zouave corporal, well and good, she will cast in her lot joyfully with that of Piedmont, and as in duty bound will pray that the shadow of your diamond epaulettes grow never less; if not, beware how you force her old sovereigns back upon her by bayonet law, for though single-handed she needs must yield to an overwhelming force, she stands now linked in a common bond of danger and of faith with Modena, Parma, and the Legations, whose venture is thrice as desperate as her own; and though she have peaceful olives on her uplands, and bounteous corn and vines garlanding her valleys, she has store of iron in her mountains yet, and.....Garibaldi, to teach her how to use it!

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Fourth General Meeting of the International Association for obtaining a Uniform Decimal System of Measures, Weights, and Coins, will be held on Monday, the 10th of October, at four o'clock, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire. M. Michel Chevalier, Vice-President, will take the chair. Beyond routine business, the Association will chiefly occupy itself with the adoption of the *mètre*, the *litre*, and the *gramme*, as the respective units of length, capacity, and weight, as recommended by the British branch.

The Congress of Mechanical Engineers will be held in Leeds on the 6th and 7th of September. The illustrations of modern gunnery are expected to be numerous and striking.

Mr. Cole suggests a solution of the Foreign Office difficulty:—

"South Kensington.

"The present Government having decided that the style of the architecture of the Foreign Office shall be Italian, has asked Mr. Gilbert Scott to make the design. Mr. Scott has hitherto distinguished himself for an exclusive faith in forms called Gothic, repudiating, indeed, all other styles. How, then, can he fulfil his task? I think I am only giving expression to what is passing in many minds at the present time, by saying that Mr. Scott might find an honourable solution of the difficulty by adapting to the circumstances of the case the noble designs which Inigo Jones made two centuries ago for palatial buildings, which were intended to occupy almost the very spot at Whitehall now to be built upon. Architects of the present day who design Italian buildings could hardly hope to excel Inigo Jones's designs, which are, indeed, based upon Italian thoughts, but have an Anglo-Italian feeling, and everybody would be content to see Mr. Scott falling back upon our great architect in his present dilemma. The grand design which Inigo Jones proposed may be seen, with all its details, in Kent's folio of the 'Designs of Inigo Jones,' and in the 'Vitruvius Britannicus,' works which may be consulted in many libraries, but certainly at the British Museum and the Art Library at South Kensington.

"Yours, &c., HENRY COLE."

Prince Lucien Bonaparte has printed a Catalogue of the works edited by him in the various dialects of Europe—also a list of works now in the press. The more recent works are the Canticles in Basque, the Gospel of St. Matthew in the vulgar dialects of Venetia, Milan, Naples, and Bergamo. Among other labours, the Prince has printed the Song of Solomon in four English dialects—Lowland Scotch, and the dialects of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Westmoreland, preserving, for the use of linguists and historians, the exact state of language in those districts, as spoken by the native population in the reign of Victoria.

Lieut. J. D. Kennelly, of the Indian Navy, and Secretary to the Bombay Geographical Society, has been recommended by Lord Elphinstone for employment as explorer in North-Eastern Africa, in the regions just visited by Capt. Burton and Speke. "Mr. Kennelly," says the *Poona Observer*, "is a fine, athletic, active man, in the very prime of life. He is familiar with the use of astronomical and meteorological instruments, and goes most liberally supplied therewith. Dr. Silvester, we believe, accompanies him as draughtsman and naturalist; and they leave some time in November. They will proceed at once to the lake districts, and endeavour to circumnavigate the northernmost of the lakes."

Mr. Drew asks us to state that in the review of 'The Geodesy of Britain' we were in error in saying that the sections of the Geological Survey are made "on a scale of 6 inches to a mile horizontally, and 1,000 feet to an inch vertically." We would correct the error if one had crept in. But we spoke by the card, and believe we are right. The information came to us from the Geological Survey Office. Mr. Drew says the map is on a scale of 6 inches to a mile; but this is very close to what we said—1,000 feet to an inch. We spoke in round figures. The true reduction is 1,000 feet to 1·16 inch.

Messrs. Low & Co. have sent us a prospectus and specimen of what they propose to term an 'Index to Current Literature.' As our opinion is desired, and our aid in getting subscribers invoked, we have read the prospectus, and glanced down the specimen pages in search of some understanding of the plan. We have not found it yet. Messrs. Low propose to give, either monthly or quarterly—they don't know which—a list of published books, and reference to such articles in newspapers or periodicals as have public importance. The idea is a good one, and might be developed so as to interest the man of letters and the man of business. But the practical result here given is vague and profitless in the extreme. Take one example for a dozen:—Under the words "Arts Academy," we read "Gentleman's Magazine, p. 3—15," but no reference is made to the articles on the Academy, against which the paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is a partial defence. What can be the use of such an index to the man of letters?

The difference in procedure betwixt French municipal bodies and English Town-Councils could hardly be more distinctly illustrated than by a vote passed the other day at Douai, for the execution of a bust, at the cost of the public funds, of Madame de Desbordes-Valmore, a poetess, not of the first class. This is to be placed in one of the public buildings of the town. Has any pound—any penny, even,—of English public money ever been thus voted to honour the memory of an English woman of genius?

"Having worked out a route indicated last year," writes a Correspondent, "from Calais to Reims, by Douai, Cambrai, St. Quentin, and Laon, along recently completed lines of cross railway, I am in a case to speak of the experiment as satisfactory,—the time from Calais twelve hours and a half less than must be required were Paris crossed, and the halts, though frequent, somewhat relieving in a run of such length. The one at Laon, that picturesque old town, is well beguiled by a distant study of its pompous old church, frowning above the trees on the long summit of its hill. Even those who do not climb the staircase which takes pedestrians up, may detect from far the presence of church restoration in the web-work of scaffoldings across its *façade*. But the spirit is up and doing in every corner of France. At Reims its results on the outside of the superb Cathedral (only not unparagoned because of its want of double aisles and consequent narrowness) are very satisfactory. The other day, however, I chanced to be looking at the admirable new carvings in the portal not long since added to Carlisle Cathedral: and these (designed by a Belgian master worker) are certainly better, so far as execution goes, than any of this restored French work. So far as use of interior colour goes, the comparison is equally, I think, to our advantage. At Reims, the blue in the vaults (there inevitably used in obedience to tradition) and in the *triforium* (where it is needless and intrusive) looks weak and sickly, owing in part to the preponderance of deep, transparent blue in the stained glass. Here, too, is far too much of the new French fancy of daubing capitals, ribs, and other divisions and details, with a lurid yellow, which does not supersede gilding so much as explain that there has not been gold enough to pay the gilder. But to an advantage of Reims over Carlisle, I am also, by chance, enabled to speak. I heard the new English organ in the latter church, and I heard the French organs—a great, and a choir one—at Mass this morning. The great organ I fancy a modern one; whether or not, the evenness of its tones, and their distinctness to the acutest notes of its register, is more welcome than the heavy lower and middle tones affected by English builders, rising into a shrill confusion when the uppermost octave is reached. The service, let me add, was well sung, on the whole, at Reims,—powerfully, if coarsely, but firmly in time and tune. The church, too, of St. Rémy at Reims, a building in no respect to be overlooked by lovers of architecture, has been carefully cleaned and in part restored."

Brescian gratitude for the late intervention of France in Italian affairs is going to take a form as "lasting as brass,"—since it has been there decided to reproduce in bronze, by way of tribute

to Louis Napoleon, that glorious antique statue of "Victory," which is one of the crown-jewels of the place. Italy contains no finer bronze than this figure. "Perhaps the quatuorzain I send," writes a contributor, "in record of the vivid impression which the 'Victory' produced when I first saw it, may be worth printing as fourteen lines of rhymed gossip."

THE VICTORY AT BRESCIA.

Strong, though in Woman's form, though framed in brass,
Aerial as a creature of the wind,
With thy two seraph wings floating behind
Ready to soar—and rapt, yet haughty face,
As though before accustomed eyes did pass.
Sceptre and helm and chariot laurel-twined,
And spears whose flash made coward eyes grow blind,
And grey-haired monarchs kingly in disgrace.
Empress of Battles! standing at thy feet
Who may the might of ancient creeds gainsay?
Not man unaided save by Art's deceit!
Moulded thine image from the common clay,
But awful gods descended to complete
This record of their power before it passed away.

H. F. C.

A Correspondent, writing on the subject of the late discussion on the Bone-caves, says:—"Walks among the Mendips some years ago led me to visit the celebrated Bone-caves of Banwell. What I saw there convinced me that your last Correspondent's theory was unfounded, and I will give you the reasons why. It is possible that some animals feeling death approach may seek a retired spot to die at peace in. If a cave is near their haunts it may be so chosen and become an habitual burial-place for generations of animals; but, I think, this meditative prudence must be exceptional. The hope of life is strong enough in man, it must be more tenacious still in the animal. But to Banwell (thirteen miles from Bristol), where the Bishop of Wells once had a palace, with a fine view of the Severn sea and the Abergavenny mountains. The Caves are situate in the trim grounds of a cottage belonging to the Bishop, on the western side of a hill above the village. The Caves were discovered some forty years since by Somersetshire miners who were blasting the rocky hill for *Japla calaminaris*, ochre and lead. An immense block of mountain limestone suddenly parting disclosed the cave, which consists of two long galleries. Buckland considered this a place where antediluvian animals had fled to avoid the rising waters of the Deluge, and says so in his 'Bridgewater Treatise.' I examined the bones carefully, and came to the conclusion that the cave had been a den of wolves and grizzly bears, who had killed and dragged hither buffaloes and deer, which must have at that time been inhabiting or feeding in the wooded valleys below. On many of the bones, which were piled up in large columnar heaps from the floor to the roof of the cave, the deer particularly, you could see where the cartilaginous ends had been frayed and gnawed. There were also bones of foxes, wild cats and bats, which may be of later introduction. The gardener who showed me the cave amused me by the anatomical cant he had picked up,—it was quite a caution to sextons to hear how he gabbled of 'ulna' and 'radius,' 'humerus' and 'tibia'—brisk as a young surgeon who has just passed the College. No human remains were found. In a similar cave, on Bleadon Hill, another slope of the Mendips, the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses and hyenas have been found in caves, wedged in with alluvial earth. That these were the dens of beasts of prey in the old savage days before the Cangis were at Keynsham or the Belge had raised the Wiltshire Windike, I think, is certain. G. W. T."

In the last Report of the Government Navigation Schools, Captain Ryder says:—"One of the causes of the rapid deterioration in the *physique* of our sailors is the diminution of work aloft, consequent on the introduction of steam." This is important. Is every new advancement of civilization to have its disadvantages? The Report also contains this important passage:—"Steam having superseded the use of sails to a great extent, boys who in sailing vessels are invaluable for light work aloft, are not valued in steamers." There is a disinclination now on the part of shipowners to enter boys, who eat as much as men, are much trouble, and of no great use. There is a proposition now to petition for the 8,000*l.* a year, received at ports as fees to local

marine boards, and to start three navigation schools for 100 boys each. Why not spread a taste for the sea among our workhouses and orphan asylums? Let a mast, with a Union Jack flying, and cross-trees for climbing, be rigged up in every playground, let the boys read books of sea adventures, and be lectured on naval life,—and the thing is done. A great nursery for our navy might be started to-morrow.

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SCIENCE

Memoirs of Libraries; including a Handbook of Library Economy. By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. (Trübner & Co.)

THESE 'Memoirs of Libraries' fill two thick octavo volumes, containing 1,913 pages of text; sufficient, it will be imagined by most readers, to exhaust the subject. Mr. Edwards thinks otherwise. In his Preface he modestly says, "I cannot hope to do much more than bring together materials which have hitherto been widely scattered, and arrange them, to the best of my ability, in serviceable order. In this way, the present book . . . may help to pioneer the way for a better book hereafter from a worthier pen." In these few words Mr. Edwards has pronounced a judgment upon his own work.

We believe that fifteen years have been spent in collecting materials for this book, and it is with regret we see so unsatisfactory a result. Much material has been brought together; but the process of digestion has been imperfectly performed. The author has not been at the pains of discriminating between those statements which are trustworthy and those which are not. We nowhere find that he has visited the libraries he describes. The work appears to be mere compilation: a gathering together of the statements of others—some printed, some termed manuscript correspondence, which means, we presume, answers to questions addressed to various librarians. All who have given any attention to the statistics of libraries know how extremely fallacious are the statements usually put forth respecting them, and how extremely difficult it is to arrive at the truth even by personal application and inspection. Those who may wish to be enlightened upon the subject will find some curious illustrations of the truth of this remark, *à propos* to the statistics of Mr. Edwards himself, in the *Athenæum* of November 17 and 24, and December 8, 1849, and January 5, 1850; in the *Serapæum* for January 15, 1850, and in the *North British Review* of May, 1851.

In his description, or Memoir, of the American libraries, Mr. Edwards has drawn his information almost entirely from the labours of Prof. Jewett, and writes in a style of confidence well calculated to lull suspicion; but Prof. Jewett, who had much better opportunities of knowing his subject than Mr. Edwards, says, that "these statistics were intended to represent the condition of the libraries at the middle of the year 1849; but when returns were not made, and it was necessary to take the best accounts at home, these frequently related to a time several years back." To some persons, using these returns in 1850, such a statement would present a difficulty; but not so to Mr. Edwards. To Mr. Jewett's figures he sometimes adds a few hundreds or thousands, according to the character of the library; sometimes merely places before them the words "upwards of." We do not blame Mr. Edwards for not producing accurate statistics—such a feat can hardly be accomplished; but we do object to

his stating, for example, that the Philadelphia Library had in 1859 upwards of 60,000 volumes, when Prof. Jewett informs him that they numbered 60,000 in August, 1849; and the probability is, that they are now upwards of 70,000 rather than 60,000 volumes. Loose statements like these have a tendency to throw discredit over other parts of the work which may really be trustworthy.

The work is also burthened with matter of secondary importance. It commences with an account of the libraries of the ancients. A similar account was written by the venerable Thomas Hartwell Horne forty-five years ago. But then Mr. Edwards makes a most imposing display of Latin and Greek; for he has actually printed entire all the passages from Greek and Roman authors relating to ancient libraries, to which his more judicious predecessor had simply referred; and so anxious is he that nothing should be omitted that he prints the notes and textual emendations of the editors of the editions from which he makes his extracts.

To analyze this work would occupy more space than it deserves—what we have noticed will serve as a sample of the whole. Had Mr. Edwards compressed his materials into one volume, and candidly told his readers what those materials were worth, his book would have been much more useful, and would have been read with confidence and pleasure. He has, however, done some good service in bringing together so much information hitherto widely dispersed; and it is certainly to be regretted that he should have succeeded so well in creating the unpleasant conviction that the chances are about equal whether what we read be accurate or otherwise.

History of the Life and Labours of Sir Charles Bell—(Histoire, &c.). By Amédée Pichot, D.M. (Paris, Lévy).

To the lettered classes of France, be their numbers few or many, the name of Charles Bell is familiarly and honourably known. Where, indeed, in the civilized world, is that name not held in respect and honour? However common and beloved that appellation may be at nearly every hearth in England, to which intelligence of the deeds of every hero in his separate way reaches, there are, of course, many homes among our neighbours where the existence and achievements of Charles Bell are completely unknown. To enlighten such homes and edify those who adorn them, M. Pichot has partly written, partly compiled, the little biographical volume now before us; and we hope that good results may come of it. In no part of the Continent does there reign such ignorance of England, her institutions and her great men, as in France. Any respectable effort made, by an efficient pen, to sweep away such ignorance is worthy of an encouraging word and a grateful acknowledgment on our part; and in the case before us, the effort is more than respectable, and the efficiency of the author not to be disputed.

To an English reader such a volume affords little opportunity for extract. Here the whole career of the man is clear before us all. We see him in the old-fashioned, godly, Scottish home, in which he was born in 1774, with his humble and unselfish father, the episcopalian minister, who was not richer than the Man of Ross, and who nevertheless educated several sons for liberal professions, of whom Charles was the most able and remains the most famous. Equally well are we acquainted with the successful course of the latter at the University, and his struggles among his ungenerous fellow-countrymen, his comparative want of

success in which drove him to London, where he again struggled long, but with ultimate and abiding triumph. With talent, originality, and perseverance like his he could not be for ever kept in the background; and as with these he gradually made way, the inert, the dull, and the dunces in his profession, grew annoyed or alarmed. He had colleagues, however, who were too noble to be jealous; nevertheless, as he climbed higher and higher, till his elevation rendered him a remarkable object in the eyes of all men, there were some of his own vocation too ready to sneer at "the confounded Scotchman who, just like so many of his countrymen, Sir, will push older men from their seats."

Again, who has forgotten the sensation caused by his discoveries connected with the nervous organization of man? More than Harvey effected by his discovery of the circulation of the blood was accomplished by Charles Bell, when he proved the truth of his nervous system. Harvey was the first to understand and demonstrate what had been previously suspected and indicated; but Charles Bell was the first who thought of, and the first who proved the absurdity of the system of the older anatomists, who held that the nervous substance was everywhere identical, and who attributed to all the nerves, without distinction, an equal share in the double function of motion and sensibility. Charles Bell long doubted that nature caused to emanate from the same organ two functions so distinct, and which exist independently of each other. Relying on the consistency of nature, he studied the nerves of the spine,—lived among them, so to speak, and he discovered that they were provided with two different roots, and composed of two networks, distinct the one from the other. By isolating one of these from the anterior root to the point of union, and irritating the root itself, he beheld a convulsive contraction of the muscle; by irritating the posterior root of this nerve in the animal which was the honoured but rather unlucky subject of the experiment, the useful victim was made to emit a cry of pain. Bell at once saw that he had before him the nerves of motion and those of sensibility. Nor was this all or near all. By beholding and by comprehending thus much, he had founded a new system, but he proceeded greatly beyond this. By further study and repeated experiments, he made his culminating discovery, and won his great and imperishable renown. In the spinal conduit he came upon a third division of nerves in connexion with other nerves which, for the most part, extend themselves to the muscles serving for the mechanism of respiration. He thereby arrived at the conclusion that this function was not altogether destined for the vivification of the blood in the lungs, but that the functions in question afforded us also the power of communicating with our equals, of uttering the thoughts of our heart and soul, and that, in short, the nerves which regulate respiration are also the nerves of expression; and that in this way is organized what is popularly understood by the word "emotion" of any sort. In recapitulating the great discovery, in order to keep in mind details which may have slipped from the memory of many persons who may also be glad to recover them without trouble, we purposely avoid technical terms, and we shall, doubtless, have been easily understood. There may be, nevertheless, a few readers disposed to ask,—"What of all this? Why should such a matter make a man famous?" They may fairly ask such questions. Charles Bell himself was heartily laughed at, at first, by foremost men in the ranks of medical science, for his suggesting that there were respiratory muscles in

the face, and that these had anything to do with expression.

The sum of the great discovery, then, is this: Bell found that the nerves of motion and sensibility were common to all beings capable of sensation and movement—to all animals, in short; but that the third or superadded division of nerves exists only where the organization exacts more elevated functions. He alone had discovered the method by which the brain communicates its will or impressions to the body, and the manner by which the body makes its pains or pleasures sensible to the brain. His treatise must be read thoroughly to understand this, but such is a summary of the system; and when Abernethy had studied the latter, and acknowledged its undeniable truth, he generously exclaimed, that all other medical men had been blockheads for not having thought of this grand and simple truth before.

We will not pursue the theme further. The life of Bell is worthy of the study of every man who has to fight his battle, or has withdrawn from the field of life. What an indication of the hero there is in the fact, that while this man's heart began to beat with pitying emotions at the beginning of a cruel operation, he could so make compassion subservient to duty, as to pass whole days and nights on the plain of Waterloo or in the Flemish hospitals, performing the most terrible operations on thousands of sufferers, among whom none, whatever his uniform, was looked upon as a foe! His heart would shake if his eye rested for a moment on a single man about to come under operation; but he turned his eyes to the great mass of agonized beings before him, and steadied both heart and hand by recollections of his duty,—and what uses humanity might derive from his study of the wounds he was seeking to assuage. What a recognition, too, of his great merits was that exclamation of the French Professor Roux, into whose lecture-room Bell once entered, for the purpose of listening to that eminent man imparting instruction to his pupils! On recognizing Bell, the Parisian sage ceased to speak, closed his book, and turning to the students (as he pointed to the illustrious stranger) exclaimed, "Enough, gentlemen, enough for this day,—you have the honour of seeing Charles Bell!"

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
Mex. Entomological, &c.

PINE ARTS

An Introduction to Early Christian Symbolism: being the Description of Fourteen Compositions from Fresco-Paintings, Glasses, and Sculptured Sarcophagi. By William Palmer, M.A. (Longman & Co.)

THIS is a crotchety book, by a good, crotchety man, who seems to have thrown over his English grammar when he threw over his English religion. He is a Roman Catholic now, and therefore writes of Rome in a Romish but still learned way. This description of frescoes found in the Catacombs of Christian cemeteries, arranged in sequence and order, is meant by the perverted author as an introduction to early-Christian symbolism, arranged so as to serve as a clue to larger and more miscellaneous collections. As far as we see, it is chiefly intended to invite subscriptions to a reproduction in chromo-lithography of the compositions, and as a vent for the religious subtleties of the collector.

No books appear to us so mischievous as those that confound truth and fiction—that sully antiquarian facts by giving them the air of assertions, suppositions or inventions. There is no harm in the historical or antiquarian novel, when either notes or the obvious internal evidence of the story enables us to know which part is real and which is invention. But here Mr. Palmer spoils his antiquities

from Bosio and Aringhi's plates in Bottari's 'Roma Sotterranea,' and from the work of Garucci, by grouping them arbitrarily, and throwing them into fanciful juxtapositions, for some perverted and crafty reason of his own. He, indeed, confesses that only one of his groups really occurs as a whole, and that is in the Catacombs of S. Callistus. He has, by his own account, jumbled together the paintings of the second, third, and fourth, and even the fifth, centuries. He might as well have mixed up the early frescoes with the later sarcophagi reliefs and the final mosaics. His own defence is lame:—

"As regards the idea on which the separate paintings, glasses, and sculptures have been selected and grouped together, this belongs only to the writer, who is far from wishing to suggest that the early Christians painted their doctrines about the tombs of martyrs systematically, or for the purpose of teaching. The truth is, that when they first made small chambers or crypts opening out of the galleries of their cemeteries, and afterwards multiplied such crypts for those of their dead that were likely to attract living visitors, it was natural for them to paint these chambers, and the arched tombs set in them, in the same style which was used by the heathens their contemporaries; only instead of mythological or other heathenish subjects they substituted, in the compartments of their ceilings, and on the walls, and within the archings over their tombs, paintings of their own, congenial to their own belief and feelings. Their souls being full of certain ideas which had a true mutual relation one to another, and which altogether formed one coherent system, it was likely enough that what they painted or sculptured about the same tomb or sarcophagus, or in the same crypt, should sometimes take the form of a composition."

On all the variations of ancient Christian types, Mr. Palmer is subtle and interesting. He delights in an allegory, if it is dark enough and complicated enough. Susannah worried by the Elders he considers a type of the Church, persecuted by the Jew and Gentile of the old dispensation. Jonas is a type of the Christian martyr, whose soul rests for a time under the gourd of life, and lastly, comes out from the jaws of the monster Death by resurrection. The heart is the human soul—the fisherman is Christ. The phoenix on the palm is a type of the Resurrection. Of one variation of an early symbol of the Virgin, Mr. Palmer says:—

"There is given, from the Cemetery of S. Agnes, an interesting representation of the Blessed Virgin and Child, the earliest probably existing, certainly the earliest known to exist, of the type afterwards called Byzantine, and multiplied with many varieties. In the first paintings of the Cemeteries in which the Blessed Virgin is represented with her Son, she is occupied with him as a mother and nurse, and holds him out to the Magi, who come to adore him with their gifts. But here he is already a good-sized boy, who appears, clothed and self-supported, on her breast merely to show who she is, and what power she has in her prayers by being his mother; for she is praying with her arms expanded. The height of the crypt in which this painting occurs, and other signs in its neighbourhood, point of themselves to the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century as its date; but the painting itself enables us to fix the date with closer limits than is commonly to be thought of, the absence of the aureole from the heads of the figures forbidding us to think them later than the middle of the fourth century, while the presence of the monogram shows that they were painted after the accession of Constantine: at some time then between A.D. 312 and 365. In the crypt in which this painting occurs, Mr. Talbot some years ago was permitted to celebrate mass, for the first time perhaps since the disuse of the Catacombs as cemeteries, in the presence of a number of English converts, who all received from his hands the Holy Communion on the spot. Since then P. Marchi, in taking strangers through the Catacomb of S. Agnes, has been often heard to call this crypt of the Madonna 'the chapel of the English.' For Russian visitors, too, it is of no less interest, as it enables them to trace their Byzantine type of the Virgin and Child, and in particular that variety of it which they call *Znamenskaia*, to an antiquity as remote probably as the cessation of the last persecution, and the first foundation of Constantinople."

It is vexing to see Mr. Palmer perpetually saying, this is added "for the sake of symmetry." The so and so "is not in the original painting." For what but small sectarian purposes can such mutilated antiquarianism be useful? Those who have visited those solemn vaults of the Catacombs, the graves of the early Christians, must lament the way which Mr. Palmer has treated the subject.

On the Gnostic and blasphemous frescoes, Mr. Palmer is less incorrect. Of these, he says:—

"This exhibits a fac-simile of a blasphemous Crucifix scratched on the wall of a bath in the palace of the Cæsars. It was found during some recent excavations on the slope of the Palatine towards the Circus, and the plaster containing the scratch having been carefully detached, it is now preserved in the Museum of the Roman College. A fac-simile from which our engraving is taken, and the original, was published in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, with an accompany-

ing explanation. The figure of a man clad in a dress not Roman, and with the head of an ass, is rudely represented on a cross formed like the letter T (for a slanting line above seems to be owing only to a slip of the pointed tool with which the scratch was made). A little below, to the right of the figure on the cross, but to the left of the spectator, is another man, in the same sort of dress, with an over-big head, and with his arms thrown apart in a mock attitude of prayer and admiration. A Greek inscription is added, 'Αλεξαμενος εβρεε τον Θεον' 'Here is Alexamenus, worshipping his God!' Tertullian, a writer of the second century, having mentioned that already, in his time, the heathen had begun to mock the Christians by representing Christ as a man with an ass's head in a gown, fixed to a cross, we are probably not wrong in ascribing this specimen of the same mockery to the third century. Two points proved by it are worthy of notice: First, against the Arians and other later impugnors of our Lord's divinity, it is here shown that the heathen themselves knew perfectly, in the third century, that the Christians worshipped Christ as their God."

—And again:

"These are four paintings copied for the author from the tomb of a woman named Vibia in a small cemetery or Catacomb of Gnostic heretics, at no great distance from the Cemetery of S. Callistus. * * These Gnostic paintings are added to the Compositions from the Christian cemeteries, as a contrast which may be suggestive of useful reflections. The cemetery in which they occur being of no great extent, and containing no other traces of painting, it may be inferred that the sect was far from numerous. The form of the galleries and niches is exactly the same with that of the Christian cemeteries, just as these, again, were reproductions of the earlier Jewish Catacomb, the original mother and pattern of them all. At some of the ordinary niches one sees on the plaster cabalistic marks peculiar to the Gnostics, and not occurring in the Christian Catacombs; and in the few inscriptions which have been found at the same spot, while there is nothing distinctly Christian, there are some expressions clearly inconsistent with Christian faith and piety. It is noticeable that the Christians (one of whose cemeteries was very near, and these Gnostics seem to have met in their excavations underground, and to have walked one another out. The wall still remains in part, though it has been broken through, so that now one can pass from the Gnostic into the Christian cemetery, and observe that while in the galleries on one side of the wall there are no traces of Christianity, in those on the other there are no traces of Gnosticism."

The semi-Christians of the Simon Magus class mixed mythology with the New Testament, uniting traditions of the Mysteries with the Sacrament; Pluto in a chariot bearing away Vibia, Mercury runs before, trundling a wheel down hill, to show the way to the Shades. The five planets appear in these decorations, and Vibia, feasting at an Elysian banquet, utters such scraps from the Epicurean sty as these words: "As long as you live do well—this you will carry away with you,—eat, drink, play, and sport, then come to me."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A Correspondent, who has so frequently addressed our readers on the defects of the Royal Academy, writes:—"The Academy founds all its instruction on the sham ideal of the feeble eclectic school that in Reynolds's time exercised such a pernicious influence on English Art. Though totally abandoned by all the world besides, it still holds empire in the Lectures of Opie, and Fuseli, and Barry, which the Academy still bestows annually as prizes to its best students. This ideal, and what it means, I shall try and explain to your readers, showing by quotations that it implies a wilful contempt of nature as it is, and consists in raising it, or rather altering it, to a certain miserable conventional standard. It implies that all really great pictures should have subjects selected from the infamous impurities of the Greek mythology; and that, when possible, all the figures in it should be muscular and nude. The real ideal of modern life, street life, domestic life, and, indeed, all expressions of national genius and aim, it hates and ignores. It treats as vulgar Hogarth's wholesome satire and Wilkie's home-feeling. It maunders about with its blanket diapers and irreligious religious pictures, as if human passions could no longer be found in violent demonstration, or in open rebellion against God and man, in this our mighty London. It cannot for its life see a soul through a tail-coat, or the beauty of a Venus in a Belgravian crinoline. It is a Chinese fossil ideal, purblind with age, and hating the times it lives in because men do not wear blankets or sandals."

"Polygnotus, Aristotle says, improved the model, so Fuseli quotes; and this is the basis of the sham ideal which is still indirectly taught. The sham ideal will exist as long as the study of the Greek

statue is forced upon the student who longs to go to nature. It is useless to tell Academicians that we no longer want to paint nude pictures; and that reasonable drawing from the life is sufficient to enable us to depict the various movements of the limb and trunk that affect the drapery that covers them."

"It is in vain to tell them that not one piece of sculpture by the hand of any great worker of antiquity has been handed down to us. The Greek books on Art—those of Pamphilus, Euphranor, Apelles, and others, have all perished; and as for Pliny, he was a mere encyclopedist, utterly ignorant of the art he wrote upon."

"The antique statues we have are all second or third rate works, the productions of unknown men: often badly repaired, or imperfect in some essential point. The Dying Gladiator Barry after years in Rome does not know whether to class as the work of an indifferent Greek artist or as one of the best productions of Roman Art. The Torso of the Belvedere is the labour of Apollonius, the son of Nestor, an Athenian, not even mentioned in any work of antiquity. The great Venuses and Joves have gone to dust long since. We possess but the New-Road figures of Grecian Art, and yet we prefer them to the divine work and living beings. Nor are these third-rate works perfect or to be trusted, as the original and entire productions of the Greek mind we worship and bow down to. The Farnese Hercules has patched-up legs,—the Meleager the best judges pronounce to be lathy and spindled, the legs gummy and ill-formed,—the fleshy and corrupt Antinous has a hard, dry, straight body,—the Apollo has a shrivelled right shoulder, and the ankles are dislocated,—the head of the Venus is small and expressionless,—the Children of the Laocoon are old men,—the Discobolus is stiff and clumsy; and, as one of our most passionate lovers of the Antique, Barry himself, says, 'it is true that, whether from laziness or the inability to distinguish the good from the bad, or from whatever cause, there is a very general propensity to vague, indiscriminate admiration of them (Greek statues), which is likely to be exceedingly mischievous, and has already been productive of very bad consequences; and it is very observable that this has gradually increased in proportion as the sound principles of design fall into disuse.'"

"Of this sham Greek ideal of Academies it will be found that it is founded on a pedantic, but second-hand, study of Grecian history, and that it arises from the supposition that the most honoured men among the Greeks were those who combined the greatest virtue with the greatest wisdom. It is supposed that philosophers, poets, sculptors, and painters went hand in hand and ruled over a great and free country. We forget the Spartan Helots, the tyranny of Athenian democracy, the perpetual wars, the corrupt intrigues, and the perpetual domination of the strongest state. Academies, in fact, invest Greece with all the attributes of fairy-land; they forget the vices of Greece, the ostracism, the want of toleration, the unjust wars, the smallness of the scene and of the views of the men who were the actors. It is useless to tell them that Pliny is a mere bundle of ignorant stories; that we have no single fragment of Grecian painting existing; that from all we know there is no proof that they ever attained to anything better than the prettinesses of Pompeii. We do not know that they even understood composition, or the use of more than monochrome, or at least four raw colours. In statues alone—that is to say, the nude ideal of a possible male or female being—the Greeks certainly surpassed us; but in Painting I believe they were mere children. Sculpture may have reached its climax; Painting is still advancing. Sculpture has limitations soon reached. It has few attitudes and few possible situations in life it can represent. It ignores colour—it cannot express motion. The Greeks worshipped statues as gods, and made them godlike that they might worship them. The climate and the naked struggles of the gymnasium, and above all the severe study of their great geometers, all helped forward Sculpture."

"But to the ideal; that is, 'an attentive investigation of general nature for the culling out all those several perfections, male and female, that

were specially adapted to each walk of character.' Now it seems to me, that if Phidias had left us a fine study of one of the handsomest and strongest youths of his day—elastic as a bow, swift as a panther, and so strong that 'nothing but a god could stop him,'—the world would possess a greater treasure than in the impossible Apollo. Indeed, if he could have seen Homer and given him to us, even in old age and rags, with the subdued yet undying aspiration of genius round his brow, it might have been better for us than even the discovery of the simpering Venus, beautiful and heathenish as she is.

"The cant of the idealists, who hate simple nature, is, that any eye and hand can imitate individual nature,—but to obtain the perfect totality, the perfection, the highest imagination and judgment are requisite. The ideal can only be found in abstract or general nature. Our ideas of the general (they say) are more perfect than those of the individual. Each species has a standard, and then they drivel on through spurious stories of Apelles and Polygnotus to vague sentences about essential, immutable beauty, and so on. The ideal, these Greek theorists say, aims at perfect nature, and must extend to subject, colour, even texture.

"When we compare the Greek with our own ideal, we see at once the folly of Academicians still teaching it to our Art youth. The Greek ideal was Pagan, ours is Christian. They glorified and worshipped the body,—we disregard the mean body, so the soul be good and pure. We aim at expression; they aimed at perfection of form. The Greek statue heads are nothing—are vapid, dead, unmeaning. Reynolds, the great apostle of the sham ideal, himself says, speaking of the want of expression in the Greek group of the Boxers:—'This frequent deficiency in ancient sculpture could proceed from nothing but a habit of inattention to what was considered as comparatively immaterial.'

"And then Reynolds goes on to inculcate every folly of the ideal school. In historical pictures (he says) there must be no portraits; Alexander was short, but the grand painter must make him ideal and tall. Great Art must treat Scripture subjects, or great events from Greek and Roman fable, that are known by early education to all Europe, 'without being degraded by the vulgarity of ordinary life in any country.' Drapery, too, must be ideal, grand drapery—no silk, or woollen, or velvet. Merely naturally folded drapery is mechanical stuff, the arrangement of which requires no genius. Lastly, grand colour must be simple and Bolognian, or simple and distinct, like the contrasts of the Roman and Florentine schools."

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We understand Mr. Henry Tidy's picture, 'The Feast of Roses,' was purchased by Her Majesty on the occasion of the royal visit to the New Society of Painters in Water Colour.

A series of photographs, of Roman Catholic ceremonies, has been sent us. They represent all the pomp and panoply of Church millinery, the cloth of gold, the jewels, and all the trappings that somehow or other have got upon the poor garments the apostles let fall as they rose to heaven.

Two forcible and excellent lithographs, published by Mr. Schenk, of Edinburgh, now lie before us. One of Lord Loughborough—a great masonic authority in Scotland—is boldly and cleverly drawn by Mr. Wilson, with all the vigour and none of the dreary blackness that is the usual attendant of German lithographs. The series of Scottish M.P.s, of whom Colonel Sykes, M.P. for Aberdeen, is one of the most rugged and sturdy looking, promises well. The stormy ledger lines on the brow, the deep pits under the eyes, the almost fierce mouth, are finely touched-in, without the usual cosmetic flattery of popular portraits.

It will rather shock that well-intentioned Art philanthropist, Mr. George Cruikshank, when we tell him that he has greatly increased the amount of intemperance in Great Britain. He himself is the most temperate temperate man we ever knew. His intolerance is of the Maine Law kind, and must do harm, because reasoning men see its gross exaggeration and want of logic. Some men find it

easier to be temperate than abstinent, others find it easier to be abstinent than temperate. Let the stronger vessel leave the weaker one alone, and not produce such good-natured, but antithetical, black-and-white works as 'Gin and Water,' with the two fountains; one, the gin-shop, with the usual reeling wife-beater, broken-hearted wife, and ragged children, that have figured on Exeter Hall scaffolds any time these twenty years. On the other side is a fat, foolish, leering, respectable father, with stupid children, and a smirking wife, drinking their dribble from the shell and bowl as if it were creamy vintage of Champagne from "silver goblets quaffed." Of course the dullest mechanic knows that because the poor man is compelled by his social position to make the public-house his club, his reading-room, his debating society, his play-ground, his rendezvous, and his house of business, he is not necessarily obliged to leave blind drunk and go home and murder his wife. As for gentlemen over their sherry talking of public fountains, as if they dripped Burgundy, it is a mere sham.

Prof. Carl Rietschel, of Dresden, the sculptor of the monuments of Lessing, of Schiller, and of Goethe, has finished the model of his monument of Luther, or, to speak more correctly (as the composition is one of vast comprehensiveness), of the Reformation. The model rises on a platform meant to imitate the square at Worms, upon which the monument is to be erected. A few steps lead up to this platform which, by the by, measures thirty feet in diameter, and which, while being open in front, is surrounded on its three other sides with a crenellated wall of about six feet high, on the inner part of which are hung the escutcheons of all those cities which took an active part in the Reformation. This wall, in the centre of each of its three sides, shows an elevated pedestal, upon which three symbolical female figures, in a sitting posture and looking towards the interior of the square, personate the most important of those cities; the protesting Speyer, the victorious Augsburg, and the sorrowing Magdeburg. On the four corners of the wall, four other figures are placed by the artist. They are standing, and therefore higher than the sitting figures. Besides, they represent men—men of the Sword and of the Word. On the left hand of the entrances, Friedrich der Weise, of Saxony, shows himself in his electoral costume, lifting the sword of the Empire, and the Imperial crown at his feet; on the right we see Philipp von Hessen, in knightly armour, leaning on his sword, and looking up to heaven; the two back corners are given to Melancthon and Reuchlin, the intellectual warriors of the new movement. As a whole, the finely constructed enclosure, with its battlements, its escutcheons, and its various figures, reminds the beholder of a fortified mediæval castle, and the thought of "Eine feste Burg" comes involuntarily to his soul. And now, in the centre of this castle of faith and liberty, we behold the colossal statue of Luther himself, highly overtopping the wall and the other figures, the crown and the summit of the whole work. It is nearly eleven feet high, and stands on a pedestal measuring seventeen feet. It represents the Reformer in that great moment when he boldly spoke out his renowned words, "Hier steh' ich, ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir, Amen!" Lifting his eyes to heaven, on his left, stretched-out arm the Bible, he presses his clenched right hand firmly upon the holy book; the image of manly fortitude, and deep, honest, heartfelt conviction. Rietschel is said to have admirably succeeded in this figure. The national character, too, of the German Reformer has been given in an excellent way,—while the figures of the forerunners of the Reformation, represented in a sitting posture on the four corners of the pedestal,—Huss the Bohemian, Savonarola the Italian, Petrus Waldus the Frenchman, and Wickliff the Englishman,—express quite as successfully the individual and national peculiarities of the men whom they impersonate. The pedestal is divided into three parts. In the lower part we see various *relievi*; the sticking of the theses, the Diet at Worms, the translating the Scriptures, &c. The upper part is dedicated to the inscriptions,—all Luther's own pithy words,—and the middle part will be filled by eight medallion-portraits of those

men who, next to the forerunners of the Reformation before mentioned, have most furthered the work of the regeneration of the Church. Ulrich von Hutten, Zwingli, Calvin, Friedrich der Grossmüthige, Bugenhagen, Justus Jonas and Gruciger will find here their places. The whole, when executed, will be the greatest work of monumental art of which Germany may boast. The model has been sent to Darmstadt, and the Grand-Duke of Hessen, we learn, has sanctioned its execution.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary.—[Der Bohemiens, &c.] By Franz Liszt. (Librairie Nouvelle.)

THERE is no want of poetical thought and curious matter in this book; but for this the name of the author has already prepared the reader. Both, however, are interfered with in some degree by the style of Dr. Liszt: which to many persons will be all but insurmountable as a barrier. This shows that desire to be original and rhetorical, which is common enough in our days of epithet and colour-penmanship; but it is wrought out by its possessor in a sort of debatable phraseology, which is neither that of French, nor of German florid writing.—Any equivalent in the form of translation or paraphrase would be simply impossible: so many are the neologisms, so curiously are they applied and combined. But in the subject and its treatment we do not find affectation, so much as sincerity, and coherence with all that Dr. Liszt has done and recommended for years past. He writes lovingly, and with full knowledge of Gypsy (*Bohemian*) music; though, possibly, it may seem to him like flat pedantry to say, that he writes in the intimacy of self-knowledge. So far as Art goes, he is one of the brotherhood—a King and ruler among them. It is true that he has culture besides memory, and limitless genius as an executant; but he belongs to the tribe nevertheless, in his mistaking protest against form and order, theoretical and practical, for invention or progress. No such profound musician has ever committed on paper such wild things by way of music, as the generous, munificent, boundlessly accomplished and paradoxical *Maestro* of Weimar. No player has ever electrified so many audiences by what is good and what is bad in exhibition—no one has ever influenced a larger congregation of enthusiastic men, younger and less gifted than himself—why must we add, to less purpose?

Proof of what has been said will be found in nineteen-twentieths of this strange book, made up, as they are, of rhapsodies without distinctness; of definitions which just fail to probe to the very heart of the matter to be defined; of descriptions so overlaid with ornament and epithet, that the scene described is smothered thereby.—The book, further, loses in freshness, and gains in apparent affectation, by the perpetual use of the "we"—a royal privilege, an editorial necessity (more's the pity!); but, in an author, giving an impression of pomposity or affectation, which to the English is not attractive.—Yet, after all these harsh truths have been told, we must add, that the twentieth of good pages in this book is very good, because new in matter. Here, for instance, is the adventure of a concert-giver, born a Hungarian, of peasant origin, but ennobled, as rightful recompense of his genius, in his own country, as Dr. Liszt has been. It is condensed and paraphrased—literal translation being impossible—with the plural pronoun changed for the singular one.—

At Paris, one day, when I was not thinking the least in the world about the Gypsies, Count Sandor Telkics came in one morning, followed by a lad about twelve years of age, in a Hussar jacket, with trousers laced on every seam,—swarthy in complexion, with hair in a state of nature, a bold look—as arrogant an expression of countenance as if he could give the greatest kings the go-by—and a violin in his hand. "Here," said the Count, pushing him by the shoulders towards me, "I bring you a present." Great was the astonishment which this announcement, so odd to French ears, created among my guests. M. Thalberg in particular. Nor was I less surprised; for I had not for a long time thought of a wish I had often expressed when in Hungary of finding a young gypsy with a talent for the violin, capable of receiving education. The Count had left orders on his estates, when leaving his country, that if a youngster answering such a description could be found he should forthwith be forwarded to Paris; and the mischievous creature

whom he presented to me had been discovered and forwarded in fulfilment of his order,—having been bought from his parents for that purpose.—I kept the boy with me: it was interesting to watch his humours and instincts in a world so new to him. Insolent vanity in every form was the prevailing ingredient in his nature. To steal out of greediness,—to make love to all the women—to break everything, of which he did not understand the structure, was rather inconvenient propensities, though natural enough, and which ought to have corrected themselves; but there was no coming to an end of them, for when they were repressed in one place they broke out in another. Josy presently became a little lion in the circle of my acquaintances, who repaid his playing in private pretty handsomely. Having thus some money of his own he began to fling it about with prodigal indifference of the first quality. He took his person in hand, as the matter of first importance, with a coquetry past belief—set himself up with canes, fine breast-pins, chains. No cravat or waistcoat could be too showy for him—no hair-dresser too good to curl and keep his head in order.—There was one heavy sorrow—his complexion,—so brown, so yellow, when compared with that of other people. He imagined that he might bring himself to tone by the frequent use of soap and perfume of which he bought quantities: would go into the dearest shops—inquire for what he thought would answer best, and fling down on the counters, his five-franc pieces—quite too great a gentleman to wish to receive change.—On leaving Paris for Spain, I had him over to see the Countess, Princess of the Violette, at the *Comédie-Française*, who undertook to superintend his musical and his moral education. The accounts too well justified every promise that my plan of adoption was a failure. He had the most insurmountable contempt for everything he did not know; and, without daring to own it, he was at heart persuaded of his superiority to everyone about him—attaching importance to nothing, save to his own vanity, and his musical taste. When Josy was put to study, the report was that his stubborn disobedience outdid every thing of the kind with which his masters had ever before dealt. In due course of time, I heard that Josy grew, but did not change—that he made no progress, that there was nothing to be done with him. Being a little partial to him, however, I found some proof of application in the zigzag scrawls of letters, full of Oriental exaggeration, which he wrote me.—When I was going to Strasbourg, I sent for him to meet me there. On arriving, I had forgotten that he might be there the first; and when on leaving the station, I found myself almost stifled in the embrace of a stranger, it was a while before I could recognize my little gypsy—the wild-creature from the *Steppe*—in the tall and handsome young man, dressed in the Parisian fashion. The hooked nose, the Asiatic eyes, and the dark skin of Josy, however, had resisted every cosmetic of France, and were the same as ever. So was he, too; for in answer to my first exclamation of surprise—“Why, here you are, grown a gentleman!” he answered, coolly, with the grand air of a Hidalgo, “It is because I am one.”—Unwilling entirely to give the matter up, I imagined, that perhaps, in some place nearer woods and fields, it might be easier to exercise some influence over him.—Accordingly I placed him in Germany, at the edge of the Black Forest, with an excellent musician, Herr Stern—at present chapel-violinist to the Prince of Hohenzollern.—Some time after that, when I was at Vienna, I heard of a new company of Gypsy musicians which had arrived, and one day went, with some friends, to the *Zeisig* inn, to see what they were worth. Not one of us had the slightest idea of finding face we knew; we were surprised, therefore, at the agitation which our entrance obviously excited. Suddenly a young, clean-limbed fellow rushed out of the troop and fell on his knees, embracing mine with the most passionate pantomime. In the twinkling of an eye, the whole party was upon me, without further prelude, kissing my hands eagerly, stifling me with bursts of gratitude, so that I had none the less to imagine that their leader was Josy's elder brother, who had already been making inquiries from my servant, and who, sobbing with gratitude as he was, could not resist, though timidly, expressing his desire to see Josy, and to have him among them again.—Having no reason to be satisfied with the report from Germany, and despairing of ever making a trained artist of him, I sent for him to Vienna, in order that it might join his own people, if he wished to do so. When he saw them again, his rapture was without bounds:—he seemed ready to go mad with it. No sooner were they reunited, than Josy and the troop disappeared entirely, and left the town to exhibit the lost child to the father of the tribe.—On his return, Josy was more intolerant than ever, and finished by entreating me, with the most violent demonstrations of gratitude, to let him return to the horde, at once and for ever. So we parted, after his purse had been once again furnished with a little sum, instantaneously spent in a monster orgy to which he treated his comrades, in addition to the farewell party which I gave them. I have not an idea what has become of this intractable scholar.

There is somewhere or other a fable of the East Wind being sent to school to the North Wind—of which the above reminiscence reminds us. Perhaps Dr. Liszt, munificent, gifted and clear-sighted as he is, is not the artist among artists the best fitted to adopt, and regulate the proceedings of a semi-savage prodigy.

Some account of the peculiarities of the national Gypsy music of Hungary is given; but its peculiarities defy definition on paper.—Some of them, in a regulated form, will be found in Schubert's well-known duett *Divertissement*, and in the March by the same arranger, which Dr. Liszt re-arranged,

and used to play so wonderfully. Beethoven, too, who was in himself too original frequently to try for character in other styles, gave one delicious example of music à la Hongroise in the chorus for female voices in ‘King Stephen’ (his ‘Turkish March’ in the ‘Ruins of Athens’ being the only other effort of the kind we remember). Weber, again, had a touch at the Gypsies in ‘Preciosa.’ From these examples the student may derive some “inklings” of a few popular characteristics, if even he be too solemn and classical to disdain Herr Ernst's well-known ‘Fantasia’ on Hungarian National Airs; or (still more)—Dr. Liszt's ‘Rhapsodies’ (to which we have already adverted), which last may be asserted as nearer the wild thing than any tame or semi-tame music before the public.

A name or two may be mentioned ere closing this notice—beginning with that of Tinody Stephens, who published a collection of Hungarian tunes so long ago as 1854, at Klausenberg. Then, among famous executants, we are told of Michael Barna, who (like Corelli, in the service of Cardinal Ottoboni) had his patron Cardinal too, in Cardinal Casky. The Hungarian Cardinal had a full-length portrait of his household violinist painted, and it is to be seen in the Palace of Radkan, county of Lips, even unto this day. A great gypsy violin-player who flourished in the year 1772, was Csinka Panna;—a woman, we are assured, of good morals as well as of bright musical intelligence,—who was the head of a family orchestra,—who, albeit she lived under tents in the summer weather, had a winter-house of her own by the River Sahajo, and who was so much respected by the “roof people” that when she died great was their sorrow, and many were the verses written in Latin and Hungarian to commemorate her.—Next we come to John Bihary, who seems to have been “the highest expression” of the gypsy virtuoso,—a brilliant player, courted at all the Courts and royally repaid for his playing:—a man as impudent as an Italian *tenore* of the worst class.—Bihary lived in our own time, for he gave a performance before Maria Louisa in 1814, and there made himself so remarkable by his undisciplined admiration of one of the Imperial Princesses present, that his hostess found it necessary to rebuke his audacious eyes. The violinist was called up, and was asked if he was a married man. His answer was “Yes;” and that his wife was with him in Vienna. On this he was bidden to present her forthwith.—Bihary's wife was sent for on the spot. A striking looking and still young woman, magnificently attired in the gypsy dress, was brought. On receiving her, the Empress said to Bihary, that since Heaven had given him so beautiful and faithful a helpmate, he was inexcusable in being so sensitive to the beauty of any Princess.—recommended to him more propriety for the future,—and after paying marked compliments to Eve (Bihary's wife), caused fifty ducats to be given to her, and sent the pair home in one of the Court-carriages.—A second anecdote concerning Bihary is little less characteristic of manners. About the year 1824 a carriage accident disabled him for life. With true gypsy improvidence he had laid by nothing for a rainy day; and could hardly toil through the least important part in the band of which he had been the king. In this fallen estate it chanced that he fell in at a tavern with some Hungarian noblemen, who had known him in his days of Court splendour and insolence. He was prevailed on to play slowly one or two of the very easy pieces of national music which he had yet power to master. His arm was soon tired. On his stopping, one of his princely auditors bound it up in bank-notes. Bihary died in 1827.

Two names of men celebrated in Gypsy music are Lavatta and Czernak. Of the latter we have a curiously-inflated eulogy, contributed by Count Stephen Fay, in a letter to Dr. Liszt,—little worth sifting. Lastly, we are assured, on the authority of our author, that we have in London—may we not say that our Sovereign has in her Court band!—a national Hungarian musician, who, though not *Romany* by birth (any more than Dr. Liszt), possesses the secret, the tradition, the experience of, and the enthusiasm for, the Gypsy music—so picturesquely extolled here—in perfection. As Dr. Liszt names M. Réményi, others may do so without in-

delicacy;—and if it be, as the gifted writer, from whom we now part, says,—that M. Réményi's imperfect sympathies for classical music are as well known as his ambition, it would be especially pleasant to those who have blamed him to spell back their blame, and cordially to acknowledge the value and freshness of a new sensation, which, we are assured, on Dr. Liszt's authority, our inmate could afford to all lovers of wild national music.

PRINCESS'S.—With the performances of Monday the management by Mr. C. Kean of this theatre terminated. The tragedy of ‘Henry VIII.’ was in part represented on the occasion to a full house. At the end of the fourth act Mr. Kean delivered his farewell address:—“That night concluded his managerial career. The good ship which he had commanded for nine years, through storm and sunshine, calm and tempest, was now about to re-enter harbour, and, in nautical phrase, to be paid off; its able and efficient crew dispersed, soon, however, to be recommissioned under a new captain, to sail once more, as he sincerely hoped, on a prosperous voyage.” Mr. Kean then proceeded to explain the principles of his management, and to reply to objections. Those cited were of a frivolous sort, and easily disposed of. Mr. Kean did not tell his audience whether they were delivered *viâ* voce, by letter, or in public articles; some of them were absurd enough, and with none of them were we previously acquainted. Having thus set up his skittles to knock them down again, and so make sport, Mr. Kean proceeded to the stern criticism of facts. “To carry out this system,” he said, “the cost has been enormous—far too great for the limited arena in which it was incurred. As a single proof, I may state that in this little theatre, where 200*l.* is considered a large receipt, and 250*l.* an extraordinary one, I expended in one season alone a sum little short of 50,000*l.* During the run of some of the great revivals, as they are called, I have given employment, and consequently weekly payment, to nearly 550 persons, and if you take into calculation the families dependent on these parties, the number I have thus supported may be multiplied by four. Those plays, from the moment they first suggested themselves to my mind, until their production, occupied about a twelvemonth in preparation. In improvements and enlargements to this building to enable the representation of these Shakspearian plays, I have expended about 3,000*l.* This amount may, I think, be reckoned at or above 10,000*l.*, when I include the additions made to the general stock, all of which, by the terms of my lease, I am bound (with the exception of our own personal wardrobe) unconditionally to leave behind me on my secession from management. I mention these facts simply as evidence that I was far more actuated by an enthusiastic love of my art, than by any expectation of personal emolument. Having said thus much, I need not deny that I have been no gainer in a commercial sense.”

Have the average receipts ever reached either of the two sums mentioned; either 200*l.* or 250*l.* nightly? We believe not. The inference from this is obvious. Nevertheless, we are not astonished at Mr. Kean gallantly adding that, “so far from regretting the past, if he could recall the years gone by, with renewed health and strength, he would gladly undertake the same task again for a similar reward.” What reward! We could prove, by an induction of familiar instances, that it is to an actor's interest to sacrifice those of the theatre and the management in a pecuniary sense to the complete establishment of his own reputation. We have, therefore, never been under the “erroneous impression” which Mr. Kean, in the concluding paragraph of his speech, is anxious to correct, “that in retiring from management, he also contemplated retirement from the stage.” For “a limited number of years,” he still means “to appear as an actor.” In so doing, Mr. Kean will act both judiciously and usefully. In spite of the remarkable puerilities by which he has lessened the effect of his final address, we are ready to allow that, in the revivals, for which he demands credit, Mr. Kean has acted in accordance with the spirit

of the age, which desires historical accuracy and rejoices in pictorial decoration. Both the closet and the stage agree in this; but it does not, therefore, follow that the attraction of the illustrated edition of the drama, or book, depends, or can depend, on the drama, or book, *per se*, rather than on the illustrations that accompany it, but manifestly the contrary. On this, and many points, we differ from Mr. Kean; but, both on points of difference and agreement, have always treated him with courtesy, and now wish him success in his future projects.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The note of interrogation put forward a fortnight since has brought a precise answer in regard to the Glasgow Festival for 1860—one, too, which is as satisfactory as precise. The managers of that musical festivity (to be held in aid of the town charities) have set about their arrangements originally and wisely. First, their meeting is to take place at the time of the year most convenient to themselves—in February. Secondly, as a *programme* before us distinctly states, Glasgow is too busy in the morning to attend morning performances—hence, the four concerts are to be held on four consecutive evenings. Thirdly, besides such “sure cards” as ‘Elijah’ and ‘The Messiah,’ and such a treat “*ad captandum*” as a miscellaneous concert, the Committee feels itself strong enough to bring forward a new oratorio. ‘Gideon’ (concerning which a question was asked) proves to be a work written for the occasion by Mr. C. E. Horsley. All these provisions are wise, sound, and liberal;—especially the last one, as affording a chance to a native composer. It is for Mr. Horsley to make his place good; and this, we believe, he may, if he will, do. Whether or not, honour and sympathy are due to all who hold the door open for the admission of new attempts; and whatever the immediate result may be, the ulterior gain (to return on our last week’s speculations regarding the Bradford Festival) is certain.—A double quartet of *solo* singers is to be engaged; also orchestral players, to eke out such a band as Scotland can muster. The conductor is not named. The following statement concerning the chorus must be satisfactory to every one who is desirous that music shall take root and spread in our provincial towns:—“The Glasgow Choral Union was instituted in 1843. * * * Previous to the formation of the Society, the Oratorio and works of similar character were almost entirely unknown in the West of Scotland; but since that period the Association has produced, in many instances repeatedly, the Oratorios of ‘The Messiah,’ ‘Israel in Egypt,’ ‘Samson,’ ‘Judas Macabees,’ ‘The Creation,’ and ‘Elijah,’ besides ‘The Dettingen Te Deum,’ the ‘Lobesang,’ Mendelssohn’s ‘Antigone,’ and other miscellaneous works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Horsley, &c.” On every ground this Glasgow Festival is well worthy of being looked for, and listened to.

A Berlioz Festival was held on Saturday last at Baden, at which, besides four acts of the conductor’s ‘Romeo and Juliet’ Symphony, was to be performed a pair of scenes from his manuscript opera, ‘Les Troyens’—first, a monologue for *Cassandra*, which, French journals tell us, rivals any monologue by Gluck; second, a duett betwixt *Dido* and *Eneas*, not only a mixture, in regard to story, of *Iliad* with *Odyssey*, but a mixture, too, so far as we can understand French criticism, of Shakespearian love-scenes with Homeric adventures. The *Gazette Musicale* vouches that the world is to be astonished at the simplicity of the scene—at the voluptuous elegance of the duett. No such astonishment would be ours should the news prove to be true. Both the feeling and the melody required to make a good opera (story permitting) are to be found in the ‘Benvenuto Cellini’ of M. Berlioz, though he has there chosen to torment the one, to dress the other badly, out of perversity or imperfect musical education. Thus, we shall be glad to find that these fragments from his new work are bricks from a great building, and that M. Berlioz has, in very deep and truth, transformed his manner as a composer.

Music still holds out on Saturdays at the Crystal

Palace, though the managers thereof must be somewhat puzzled what and whom to engage, so empty is London of artists at the present moment. This day week, however, the name of *Madame Vinning* was in the *programme*, together with the names of singers less known, Madame Badia and Mr. Crozier.

MISCELLANEA

Book-Hawking.—In presenting their first Report, the Provisional Committee of the Church of England Book-Hawking Society say a few words as to the origin of the system of book-hawking in England. The fact that, since the establishment of the first Book-Hawking Society in South Hampshire, in the year 1851, upwards of sixty others have been formed in various parts of the kingdom, so that hardly any county is now without this agency for supplying good and cheap literature. The necessity for the introduction of this system arose from, first, the wide spread of education; thousands are learning to read, and will read something, good or bad; secondly, the want of any previously existing means for supplying healthy literature in the rural districts; and, thirdly, the fearfully large circulation of pernicious books and publications. Until the year 1854 the only Book-Hawking Societies were those in Hampshire, originally set on foot by Archdeacon Wigram. During that year, eight more were formed, an impetus being given to the work by the accounts of it which were published by Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Sumner. During the three following years, more than thirty additional societies were formed; and at the present time the number amounts to sixty-two, including a few undertakings of a more private character. By many of the managers of these Associations it was felt that some kind of Union was wanted, as a rallying point for their individual efforts; and, accordingly, the Church of England Book-Hawking Union was formed. It does not interfere in the least in the arrangements of the local societies; but its aim is to give the strength of union to all, and thus to lessen their expenses, diminish their difficulties, and enable all to benefit by each other’s experience. It also assists in many ways in extending the work into new districts. Since the formation of the Union, ten new Book-Hawking Societies have been established, the promoters of all of which have found their preliminary work considerably lessened by its existence. The Union does not print or publish any books whatsoever. The general success of the system of Book-Hawking has been most encouraging; a few details may be given. A society in the eastern counties, employing one hawker, sold during the year to the amount of 310*l.*; another in the south, to the amount of 330*l.* The largest association, employing five hawkers and an assistant, sold nearly 856*l.* worth. In one district, where the work is carried on by an individual clergyman employing one hawker, books and prints were sold last year to the amount of 500*l.* A hawker in the north is selling weekly to the amount of 4*l.* 9*s.*, almost entirely among the colliers, visiting each colliery in his district once a month. The average weekly sales of one of the southern hawkers, are more than five guineas. Another near London, sometimes sells 9*l.* worth in a week. In addition to the large number of secular works circulated by this means, the sale of Bibles and Prayer-books has been considerable. In one midland district 840 Bibles and Testaments were sold in the year; by a southern society 877, and by another 1,056. One of the Welsh hawkers sold 410 Bibles in the year. Of Prayer-books and Church Services nearly 1,000 were sold by one society, and by others, 1,100, 1,400, and 1,700 respectively. The county association before mentioned, which employs six men, sold in one year 2,500 Bibles and Testaments, and nearly 3,000 Prayer-books and Church Services. The large number of prints sold in some districts is worthy of notice; in one, 1,200 single prints and volumes were sold in the year, and 166 packets of picture-cards, also nearly 200 atlases and single maps. Books of a useful kind, such as those on cookery, gardening, &c., meet with a ready sale. So far as the Committee has statistics, the book which has

sold most largely in any one district throughout the kingdom, excepting Bibles and Prayer-books, is Sir Joseph Paxton’s ‘Cottagers’ Calendar of Gardening Operations.’ By some of the book-hawkers periodicals are sold readily, by others not at all, as they cannot of course supply them regularly. Of this class the chief favourite is the *British Workman*, owing, in great measure, to the first-rate excellence of its illustrations. The total number of publications sold in the year in some districts was more than 10,000 in each; in one county association 22,000. As an instance of the increase during successive years, a south-eastern society may be referred to, in which were sold in the first year 3,600 publications, in the second year, 4,900, in the third year (when a second man was employed), 10,500, and in the fourth year, 13,600. Another society in the same county has nearly doubled its sales since the hawker was provided with a donkey-cart.

Letters in the Suburbs.—At present letters are not delivered the same evening at many places within six miles of St. Martin’s-le-Grand, if posted at a London receiving-house or pillar-box after 4 P.M.; but letters for these places are posted between 4 and 6 P.M. much more numerous than during any other two hours of the day. It is, therefore, very important that such letters should, if possible, be included in the evening delivery. Hitherto, however, it has been found that the letters in question could not be collected, assorted, conveyed to their respective districts, and arranged for delivery, so as to enable the letter-carriers to reach their walks before a very late hour; and the measure, consequently, has not been adopted except on Saturday night, when a delivery, although late, is made as preferable to one on Sunday morning. Recent improvements, however, in connexion with the district offices, and the aid now extensively afforded by the use of the District Initials,—by the separation, in posting, of the district from the general post letters,—and by the adoption of street-door letter-boxes,—have so greatly facilitated the operations of the Department as to enable the Postmaster-General to effect the delivery of the correspondence in question in all cases in which these aids are given. Consequently, on the 12th of September next, the late evening delivery will be extended to many additional places within about six miles of the General Post Office, and will then include all the following suburbs, viz.:—Barking, E.; Battersea, S.W.; Blackheath, S.E.; Bow, E.; Brixton, S.; Brompton, S.W.; Camberwell, S.; Charlton, S.E.; Clapham, S.; Clapton, N.E.; Deptford, S.E.; Dulwich, S.; Eltham, S.E.; Fulham, S.W.; Greenwich, S.E.; Hackney, N.E.; Hammersmith, W.; Hampstead, N.W.; Highgate, N.; Holloway, N.; Hornsey, N.; Ilford, E.; Kensington, W.; Kilburn, N.W.; Lewisham, S.E.; Leyton, N.E.; Leytonstone, N.E.; Merton, S.; Norwood, S.; Notting Hill, W.; Paddington, W.; Peckham, S.E.; Penze, S.E.; Poplar, E.; Rotherhithe, S.E.; St. John’s Wood, N.W.; South Lambeth, S.; Stockwell, S.; Stoke Newington, N.; Stratford, E.; Streatham, S.; Sydenham, S.E.; Tooting, S.; Tottenham, N.; Walthamstow, N.E.; Walworth, S.; Wandsworth, S.W.; Willesden, N.W.; Woodford, N.E.; Woolwich, S.E. This delivery will comprehend all letters and newspapers which are addressed to houses usually open to the letter-carriers or provided with letter-boxes, and are posted in London at any office or pillar letter-box before 6 P.M., or at the principal office of the district to which they are addressed before 6:45 P.M., provided—1st, that they are fully prepaid by stamps; 2nd, that they bear the proper initial letters; and, 3rd, that at any office where a separate box is provided for the district post they are dropped therein.—The Postmaster-General avails himself of this opportunity of reminding the public that the addition of the District Initials to the address insures a priority of delivery to letters arriving in London by the day mails and also to those addressed to places within the district in which the letters are posted.

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ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

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Thos. Farncomb, Esq. Ald. Jeremiah Pilcher, Esq.

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The premiums are on the lowest scale consistent with security.

The Assured are protected by an ample subscribed capital—assurances fund of 47,000l. on mortgaged, and in the Government Stocks—and an income of 55,000l. a year.

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Age. One Year. Seven Years. With Profits. Without Profits.

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No charge for Policy Stamps.

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B. BATES, Resident Director.

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Instituted 1820.

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And pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Sold by all Grocers, Grocers, &c. &c.
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SOUTH AFRICAN PORT 30s. & 24s. per dozen.
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The finest of the vintage of 1857.
ROYAL VICTORIA SHERRY, soft, nutty and dry, 32s. "
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SPARKLING EPERNY CHAMPAGNE 32s. "
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Bottles and packages included, and free to any London Railway Station. Terms, cash. **WILLIAM REID TIPPING, Manager.**

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Each article bears their mark, E & Co., under a Crown; and articles sold as being plated by Elkington's Patent Process are of no guarantee of quality.
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DINNER, DESSERT, and TEA SERVICES.
A large variety of New and good Patterns. Best quality, superior taste, and low prices. Also, every description of Cut Table Glass, equally advantageous.
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Established nearly a Century.

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PATENT ELECTRO-SILVER PLATES.—The most
easy, practical, and durable method of marking linen, and of
any person can use them. Initial Plate, 1s.; Name Plate, 2s. 6d.; set of Movable Numbers, 2s. 6d.; Crest, &c., with directions. Post free, for stamps.—Observe, 25, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, W.C.

LAWNS.—In Use in the Royal Gardens.—
SAMUELSON'S ROYAL PATENT LAWN MOWING
and **ROLLING MACHINE**, the only one that will cut wet
as well as dry grass, is guaranteed efficient in use, easily handled,
and will keep in working order, doing the work of five or six
men. Prices, including case and carriage to any railway station
in England, from 41 17s. 6d. and upwards. Copies of testimonials
sent free on application to **Samuelson's London Warehouse**,
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or the Works, Banbury, Oxon.

BRECKNELL, TURNER & SONS' HAND
CANDLESTICKS, with Registered Glass Shades, entirely
proof against the infiltration of gas, and which none is genuine but
that bears the name of BRECKNELL, TURNER & SONS, Wax and Tallow Chandlers and Soap
and Oil Merchants, at the Beehive, 31 and 32, Haymarket, S.W.

HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.—Notice of In-
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particularly requested to observe that none is genuine but that
which bears the back label with the name of **WILLIAM LAZ-**
ZENBY, as well as the front label signed "Elizabeth Laszenby,"
and that for further security the name of the proprietor, **Wm. La-**
zenby & Co., is printed on the bottom of every bottle of the
Genuine Sauce, will henceforward appear an additional label,
printed in green and red, as follows:—"This notice will be affixed
to Laszenby's Harvey's Sauce, prepared at the original warehouse
in addition to the well-known back label, which is protected against
imitation by a perpetual injunction in Chancery of 9th July,
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LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE imparts the most exquisite relish to Steaks, Chops,
and all Roast Meat Gravies, Fish, Game, Soup, Curries, and Salad,
and by its tonic and invigorating properties enables the stomach
to perfectly digest the food. The daily use of this aromatic and
delicious Sauce is the best safeguard to health. Sold by the Pro-
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N.B. To guard against imitations, see that the names of "Lea &
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LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
Administered with the greatest success in cases of
CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, ANEMIA,
INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL THE DISORDERS OF CHILDREN
ARISING FROM DEFECTIVE NUTRITION,
is the most efficacious, the most palatable, and from its rapid
curative effects, unquestionably the most economical of all kinds.
Its immeasurable therapeutic superiority over every other variety
is attested by innumerable spontaneous testimonials from Physicians
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"I believe that the purity and genuineness of this Oil is secured
in its preparation by the personal attention of so good a Chemist
and intelligent a Physician as Dr. de Jongh, who has also written
the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted.
Hence I should not hesitate to recommend its use, and to prefer it
to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and
medicinal efficacy."

Sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 3s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.;
Quarts, 5s. 6d., and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and
signature, WHICH NONE IS GENUINE: IN THE PROVINCES
by respectable Chemists.

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CAUTION.—Strenuously resist proposed Substitutions.

DR. H. JAMES, the retired Physician, dis-
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firmity. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a
daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now
a well-to-do wife. Desirous of benefiting his fellow-creatures, he will
send, post-free, to those who wish it, the recipe, a natural remedy,
directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on their
remitting him six stamps.—Address O. P. BROWN, 14, Cecil-street,
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MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST, 52,
FLEET-STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW
DESCRIPTION OF **ARTIFICIAL TEETH**, fixed without springs,
wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth
as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest ob-
server; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found
superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not
require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will
support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to
remove articulation and mastication. Decayed Brushes guard
sound and useful in mastication.—At home from ten till five.

REFRESHING BALM for the HAIR.—
Every one who values and admires a beautiful head of hair, yet
there are hundreds who desire to make their hair look well, keep
it from turning grey and falling off, but are unacquainted with
the means to do so. **OLDRIDGES' BALM OF COLUMBIA** to
them a precious treasure. It is of the most delicate nature, and is
published upwards of 30 years, it has withstood every opposition and
imitation, and by the increasing demand proves its true value. In
producing whiteners or mousses, adding weak thin hair to be-
come sturdy, has no equal. Price 1s. 6d. per bottle, and 12s. 6d.
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GREY HAIR RESTORED to its NATURAL
COLOUR.—Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Rheumatism,
and Stiff Joints, cured by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT MAG-
NETIC BRUSHES, 10s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. to 6d.
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Brush, price 3s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 10s. 6d. 15s. 6d. 20s. 6d. 25s. 6d. 30s. 6d.
Where may be had, gratis, or by post for four stamps, the illus-
trated treatise, "Why Hair becomes Grey, and how to restore it."

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers of repute.

DO YOU WANT LUXURANT HAIR,
WHISKERS, &c.?—**DR. RUSSELL'S LIVEXINE**, an
elegant, refined, and perfumed toilet compound, is guaranteed to produce
thick, luxuriant Whiskers. Eyebrows, in two or three weeks, keep
strengthened, prevent its falling off, check greyness in all
its stages, restore the original colour, and reproduce the hair
in bald spots, wherever it comes, and never wears out. It is
anywhere for by post on receipt of 3 penny stamps by Dr.
RUSSELL, 1, Hagian-street, Kentish Town, London.

PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1855.

METCALFE, BINGLEY & CO.'S New Pat-
tern and Penetrating Tooth Brushes, Penetrating un-
bleached Hair Brushes, Improved Flesh and Cloth Brushes, and
genuine *Empress* Sponges, and every description of Brush,
Comb, and Toothbrush, for the Colony, are now on hand, and
thoroughly between the divisions of the Teeth and clean them
most effectually.—the hairs never come loose. M. B. & Co. are
sole makers of the *Empress* and *Camel*, and *Oris Root Soap*,
sold in tins (bearing their names and address) at 6d. per tin.
Metcalfe's celebrated Alkaline Tooth Powder, 2s. per box; and of
the *New Broom*—Sole Establishment, 15th and 16th, Oxford-
street, 2nd and 3rd doors West from Holles-street, London.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA
continues to be prepared, with the most scrupulous care
and attention, by **WILLIAM HENRY**,
Chemist, Manchester. It is sold in bottles price
2s. 6d., or with glass stoppers at 4s. 6d., stamp included, with full
directions for its use, by their various agents in the metropolis,
and throughout the United Kingdom, and it cannot be genuine
unless their names are engraved on the Government Stamp,
which is fixed over the cork or stopper of each bottle.

Sole London Wholesale and Retail Agents, Messrs. Farrington,
Street; Sutton & Co., Bow Churchyard; Newberry & Sons,
E. Edwards, Thos. Butler, St. Paul's Churchyard; Savory & Co.,
New Bond-street; and Messrs. G. & J. P. & Co., 10, Abchurch-lane.
The vendors of the Magnesia may be had, authenticated by similar
stamp, **HENRY'S AROMATIC SPIRIT OF VINEGAR**, the
invention of Mr. HENRY, and the only genuine preparation of
that article.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA
has been for many years sanctioned by the most eminent
of the Medical Profession as an excellent remedy for Rheumatism,
Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. As a mild aperient
it is admirably adapted for delicate females, particularly during
pregnancy; and it prevents the food of infants from turning sour
during digestion. Combined with the **ACCUTATED LEMON**
SUPPLY, it forms an Effervescent Aperient Draught, which is
highly agreeable and efficacious.—Prepared by **DINNEFORD & CO.**,
Dispensing Chemists, and general Agents for the improved Horse-
hair Gloves and Belts, 175, New Bond-street, London; and sold
by all respectable Chemists throughout the Empire.

THE following is an EXTRACT from the
Second Edition (page 189) of the Translation of the
Pharmacopoeia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by
Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman & Co.:

"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the
Pharmacopoeia) that we have no purgative medicine, but what con-
tains calomel; and we know that calomel is a poison, and cannot bear
alone, except it be in the form of **COCKLE'S PILLS**, which I think
chiefly consist of aloes, camomay, and colocynth, which I think
forms a most useful and safe sort of compound extract, the acidity of which
is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth
ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think
no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look
at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do
not hesitate to say, it is the best made Pill in the kingdom: a
muscular purge, a mucous purge, and a hydrocyanic purge, and
its effects are properly controlled by a diuretic and
corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids,
like most aloetic Pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble,
so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS.—
TEMPERATURE.—The great vicissitudes of temperature
in March and April are prevalent for producing rheumatism,
neuralgia, and other painful disorders of the system. To relieve
these, the particular class of complaints, Holloway's reme-
dies are daily adding to the celebrity accorded to them for their
unfailing success during the last twenty-two years. Rheumatism,
to form the nature of chronic, typical diseases, and the stiff-
ness of the limbs, and scrofulous swellings, are soon relieved
and ultimately cured by these purifying preparations, which simul-
taneously remove impurities and subvert the morbid action of
the local system, but perfectly restore digestion and assimila-
tion necessary to life. They cheer the spirits and insure good
temper, which is dependent on good health.